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CHRONICLE.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Parnell.

NO greater and no more obvious contrast could well be than that between the lives and characters of the two politicians whose deaths so strangely coincided this week. It is very doubtful whether there is a single Englishman now living whose death would be greeted with such unanimous expressions of respect as those which saluted that of Mr. W. H. SMITH. And he deserved this general estimation, for he was a man, if not of the first ability, yet of considerable powers, means, and opportunities, who used all three to their very utmost, always for good purposes. It seemed so improbable that two of the few really eminent persons in English politics should suddenly die within twenty-four hours, that many persons must have felt disposed to attach little credence to the report of Mr. PARNELL'S death; but it was true. Of him we can hardly say that respect has followed him, though the gallant fight which he has made for the last few months against comrades and creatures of his own, who were as deeply stained as he with crime, and who deserted him, has created some revulsion in his favour. Had he died immediately after the disclosures of the Commission—had, in famous words, "the blood of PIGOTT "choked him" just after the solemn decision that he had knowingly and deliberately pursued methods leading to murder, he would have incurred almost unmitigated infamy. But he lived, not indeed to put himself in the right, but to be put in lesser wrong by baser sinners, to "go to the devil for a woman" (in more eyes than Miss CRAWLEY'S a half-redeeming thing), to become the victim of Tartufism of the most disgusting kind; in short, to be turned grey by the side of deeper shades of black. He is still, as he has always been, something of a puzzle. Everybody acknowledged in him great abilities, a strong will, a dauntless courage; but there, not only agreement, but positive opinion of any kind, for the most part stopped. Why he should, by means and in a companionship of inexpressible griminess, have sought an indistinct and doubtful end nobody knew. Few credited him with much love for Ireland; it was not apparent why he should (as some held) hate England. When he entered Parliament he had, and tradition says that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE personally and strongly recommended to him, the opportunity of forming a party which would have made the wishes of Ireland attended to just as those of Scotland are now. The alternative he chose and the reward he met with, we know. The moral of these two careers is too trite and obvious to enforce. The political effect of the two deaths will, owing to the fact that Parliament is not sitting, not be immediate; but, as far as the Government is concerned, it must be in each case somewhat inconvenient. There is one advice to give, the only advice good for anything in love or war, in poetry or politics—*tu contra audentior ito*.

Elections.

The result of the Manchester election is on the whole satisfactory. Mr. SCOTT was one of the strongest local candidates possible, and he had in the midst of the great anti-Gladstonian reaction of 1886 reduced his opponent's majority so considerably that very little remained to reduce. Sir JAMES FERGUSSON, on the other hand, fought the battle under rather unfavourable circumstances, which were made most unfavourable at the last by the death of Mr. PARNELL. Yet he has been able to keep his seat by a majority, still further reduced it is true, but on a very large poll, he himself securing more votes than in 1886, though not quite so many as in 1885, when the Irish are supposed to have gone with him. On Tuesday last a candidate was selected on the Tory side for the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. RAIKES. It is well known that University seats are always occupied by persons of mean intellectual faculties, having no special connexion with arts or sciences, and generally unworthy of a place in the House of Commons. This rule will not be broken by the selection of Professor JEBB. Mr. JEBB'S address is short and satisfactory. The deaths of Mr. SMITH, Mr. PARNELL, and Sir JOHN POPE HENNESSY all create vacancies. In regard to the first, it may be suggested that the Tories of the Strand must not presume; in regard to the second and third, it may be asked whether the time has not come to abandon the habit of leaving Irish seats to be fought for by various shades of disloyalists? "Chucking" never won any game yet.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs.

In the earlier part of the week the quidnuncs on the Continent tried to get up a scare about Spain joining the Triple Alliance precisely in the style of the member for Northampton, though of course Mr. LABOUCHERE'S well-known chivalry would have prevented him from aiming, as they did, at Queen CHRISTINA. ——An ingenious after-myth was woven about the Sigri incident, to the effect that, the brutal Briton having persisted in manœuvring against Turkish wishes, France and Russia commissioned the scare. It is amusing to note that this reputable part is assigned to the two Powers apparently by persons in sympathy with them. In fact, there was a fluttering of canards, if not exactly a flight of them, all through the early days of the week.——The principal result of the Rosenthal Bridge explosion was, as might have been expected, an enthusiastic reception of the EMPEROR in Vienna ——The Canadian gutter journalist who told stories about Prince GEORGE of WALES was convicted, recommended to mercy, and ordered to come up for judgment when called on. Meanwhile the gutters at home are so full!——The Irish dynamite party has been convening itself at Chicago, and justifying an immortal passage by generally describing how "Me Aunt ANNA MARIA "brought her mother's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave." There was also free lynching in Arkansas.——A silly disturbance between French pilgrims and Italians took place at the Pantheon in Rome yesterday week, and much brawling followed. It would appear that the actual incident was less offensive than was at first reported. Instead of the insult of spitting on VICTOR EMMANUEL'S tomb, which, though it would scarcely have justified the pother actually made, would have excused any stalwart Italian present in seizing the idiotic brute who committed it, and caning him heartily, it seems that the offending "pilgrim," with equal idiocy, but less brutality, wrote "Vive le Pape!" in the register-book. King VICTOR himself, who always had a great respect for the Church, even when he was relieving her of her patrimony, would probably not have objected to this at all.——The foreign news of the week closed unfavourably with reports of fresh riots in China, and assertions of an actual treaty between France and Russia.

The Newcastle Meeting.

At Newcastle last week the sight was curious, though not novel—the sight of distinguished, or at least notorious, politicians endeavouring frantically to stimulate demand that they may afterwards have an excuse for supply. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN moved that "this Council condemns the action of the Government" —and might have stopped there, for all the proceedings then and afterwards were summed up in this preamble. Dr. SPENCE WATSON, who passes for a man of some culture, showed his ignorance of perhaps the greatest line in French poetry, "Mais tu ne prendras pas demain à l'Eternel." Sir

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William Harcourt illustrated the political principles of the party which allows nothing to authority by saying that "they had got their orders, and all they had to do was to obey "them." Mr. John Morley protested perhaps a little too much that there was no proposition of Sir William's that he would not enthusiastically second (*e.g.* "The conduct of "Sir W. V. H. in the Dicey matter was that of a gentleman," moved by Sir William Harcourt, seconded enthusiastically by Mr. Morley?) How much they all—Sir George and Sir William and Dr. Watson and Mr. Morley and all—loved Mr. Gladstone it is unnecessary to say. There were, in the words of the Cornish Sam Weller, "gallons o' true "affecshun a-runnin' to waste." As for Mr. Gladstone himself, an impertinent onlooker might have thought Sir William's definition of principle more applicable to his leader; for his speech amounted to nothing but this:—"Gentlemen, you have only got to give your orders, and I "have only got to obey them." Some cheap vapouring about the Lords (the poor Lords! with Lord Ripon present as representative), and an expression about Egypt which, if possible, exceeds in unstatesmanship the celebrated "hands off," with other things, diversified it a little; but its main burden was a very familiar one, which, we think, King Solomon put a good many years ago into the mouth of a certain strange woman at the corner of the street.

Speeches. Sir Edward Clarke spoke at Torquay, and Mr. Jackson at Leeds, on Monday, the latter producing some extremely remarkable statistics showing the increased prosperity in Ireland during the last five years. Mr. Parnell, before his singular end, is said to have criticized Mr. Gladstone's Newcastle remarks rather neatly, to an interviewer, by asking where the satisfaction to Ireland came in. Mr. Gladstone himself spoke, as non-politically as he might, on his acceptance of the freedom of Newcastle this day week, and his son Herbert echoed the political speech of the day before, at Leeds. There has been much Parnellite and anti-Parnellite bickering in Ireland, and on one occasion Mr. Healy exhibited the literal sight of "great Timotheus placed on high," on the parapet of a bridge, chasing and chastising an audacious youngster who had insulted him. Sir Henry James addressed his constituents at Bury on Wednesday. Sir William Harcourt spoke robustiousness to Glasgow on Thursday, but said not much, and the Lamentations of Lord Spencer had a new chapter at Grantham.

The Church Congress. The Church Congress opened at Rhyl on Tuesday, in rather bad weather, but with a good attendance and an excellent programme of sermons and speeches. The burning question of Church and Nonconformity was treated by the Bishop of Manchester from the philosophical, by the Archbishop of Canterbury (in an address of a more elaborate eloquence than is usual with him) from the historical and political point of view, and by the President, the Bishop of St. Asaph, on that ground of actual and practical examination of facts which he has made his own, and from which the adversary is driven as often as he ventures to attack it. The Bishop of Ripon, who also preached, took a more general line. After this opening field day the Congress seems to have betaken itself to departmental business with spirit and success, and to have discussed missionary work, Biblical criticism, and other things quite in a proper manner.

Correspondence. On Monday last Dr. Joseph Parker sent an order to the *Times* to the effect that we must set about the creation of an intellectual aristocracy, and that no quarter should be given to Toryism. As to this last, we are quite sure that Toryism wants no quarter from Dr. Parker. But the creation of an intellectual aristocracy? *Rien que ça?*——Lord Grimthorpe served up an agreeable salmi of the previously roasted Lord Brabourne, though that impossible person, continuing to write, has since observed, "If the nation desires an Established Church, "let it be paid for out of national taxation, but" &c., thereby once more showing his utter incapacity to argue on the subject without begging the question. The question is, Are tithes in any sense taxation?——Sir Lepel Griffin talked about Egypt, Mr. Gladstone's life, and other things in a manner which must have given his brother-knight, Sir William Harcourt, a nervous headache.——A sensible "Wykehamist" has pointed out that the mischief on board the *Britannia* (which, by the way, has been treated simply and, we hope, sufficiently by the expulsion of four cadets) is due to the fact that there are no oldsters to keep order.

Miscellaneous. The London County Council, on Tuesday, pursued its policy of exhibiting itself in its true colours by rejecting most of the street improvements, which it is specially its business to carry out, as a piece of sulk with the Government, which will not allow it to do things which are not its duty. It also, as a matter of course, tried to meddle with the latest piece of scandal that has defrayed the dirt-mongering of the gutter-journals.——The Sailors' and Firemen's Union, the Baptist Union, and the Iron and Steel Institute have been disporting themselves in congress or meeting; and the Birmingham Musical Festival opened with great success on Tuesday. The *primeur*, or *première* of the Festival—the oratorio of *Eden*, for which Mr. Robert Bridges had written the remarkable libretto noticed here some time ago, and Mr. Stanford the music—was given with great success on Wednesday.——Mr. William Morris opened a rather interesting Præ-Raphaelite exhibition at Birmingham last week.——The Folklore Congress abode not together altogether in unity last week, Mr. Joseph Jacobs opining that the President of the Congress was wrong, that the President of the Section was wrong, and that he by himself he, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, was alone right. On Monday it continued with success and spirit, Professor Rhys discussing mythology, Mr. Leland giving an interesting account of some Italian lore, and Miss Owen exhibiting the real Voodoo. Many pleasant and harmless amusements were exhibited to it; it dined, and discoursed, and dissolved itself quite as Congresses should, leaving only some stings in the breasts of Mr. Max Müller and Mr. Stuart Glennie, and a sad regret in other minds that there is a Professor in the University of Oxford who "cannot understand the mental "attitude of superstitious people."——Tooley Street, the home of fires, saw a great one on Sunday night, when all the Thames smelt for many hours of smoking groceries.——The Princess Louise has opened a new School of Cookery in Edinburgh.——The dispute at the Carron and Hermitage Wharves has hardened into a regular strike, with picketing, brick-throwing, rib-breaking of blacklegs, and the other amenities of "New Labour" civilization.

Sport. The chief race on the last day of the First October Meeting at Newmarket was the Rous Memorial, which was won by Galeopsis. But the best contested was the Surrey Nursery, in which Lord Calthorpe's Bellinzona just beat Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Queen of the Riding.

Obituary. Independently of the names of Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Parnell, the obituary of the week is heavy. The death of the King of Würtemberg, however, makes no difference whatever in German politics. He was, in one of the many story-skits which followed the Franco-German war, called "stupid "Karl of Würtemberg," an appellation more unmannerly than unjust, and he shared, in the form of nullity rather than of extravagance, the peculiarities which mark not a few of the minor German royal and ducal families. But there was no harm in him, and he was not at all unpopular.——Of Sir John Pope Hennessy small good can be said. By dint of the old and well-understood tactics of an Irish member, he won himself at a comparatively early age lucrative posts in the Colonial Service. He used them for many years to quarrel with his subordinates, and to stir up a bad feeling against England in those of her dependencies which he governed, and he returned from them to enter (heavily pensioned by England) the ranks of the anti-English party in Ireland. He was not destitute of ability; but there his good qualities pretty well ceased.——Lord Portsmouth's death deprives the House of Lords of a Liberal of the older type and a good sportsman, and creates a vacancy in the South Molton Division of Devonshire, which was represented by his son Lord Lymington.——Lord Cheylesmore, who was better known as Mr. Eaton, did good service to the Conservative party as a fighting candidate in his day.——Sir Robert Douglas was a soldier of more than seventy years' standing, and of nearly sixty years' actual service. He represented a family famous both in army and navy, his father being Sir Howard Douglas, the great naval gunner, and his grandfather Sir Charles Douglas, Rodney's Captain of the Fleet (and, according to one story, Mentor) in the fight off Dominica.——Mr. Knox was one of the best known of police magistrates, though a retired one.——Sir Charles Anderson, a good man and the friend of good men, was an excellent example of a valuable type, the antiquary-squire.

Books, &c.

The number of books issuing from the press has largely increased during the last few days. The most interesting are perhaps *Annals of My Early Life*, a pleasant book of reminiscences by Bishop WORDSWORTH, of St. Andrews (LONGMANS); Mr. WATTS'S *Cervantes*, in the "Great Writers" series (WALTER SCOTT), a composite volume on *Oxford Colleges*, edited by the Rev. ANDREW CLARK (METHUEN), and a capital *Blue Poetry Book*, arranged by Mr. LANG (LONGMANS).

MR. SMITH AS LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

IT is somewhat singular that the universal expressions of regret which have been called forth by the unexpected, and in some sense premature, death of Mr. W. H. SMITH should have been unaccompanied by any suggestion that it was due to the unduly aggravated burdens of his Parliamentary post. Had it occurred a year or a couple of years ago, we might have confidently anticipated its attribution to this cause. That there has been no such attempt to explain it in present circumstances is probably due to the fact that matters have gone somewhat more smoothly for the Government during the last Session than in previous ones, and that the duties of the leadership have been proportionately lightened. Nor are we ourselves prepared to say positively that Mr. SMITH'S labours on the Treasury Bench did, in fact, hasten his end. That they have been onerous—at times exhausting—is true enough; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the success with which he discharged his functions was in a great measure due to causes which must have rendered them less trying to him than they would have been to many other men. To a Minister of an anxious or excitable habit they might well have become intolerable. But the late lamented leader of the House was favoured by nature with an unemotional temperament which saved him, even when things were going least satisfactorily, from that "worry" which, as has often been said with truth, is more surely fatal than any amount of overwork. His dispositions with regard to the arrangement of public business were not always proof against criticism; but in the management of the House of Commons, as in many other undertakings, the steady and resolute execution of plans is a matter of far more importance than their conception, and Mr. SMITH'S conduct of business was characterized by that happy mixture of tact and firmness which disarms opponents when their disarmament is possible, and overcomes them when it is not.

Nevertheless it would be rash to affirm that his health in no respect suffered from the severity of his Parliamentary labours, and it would certainly be perverse to deny that the office which he leaves vacant has of late years become a more arduous one. The causes of the change are not immediately apparent; for Obstruction nowadays is less disorderly, scenes are fewer and hours not nearly so late as they were in the bad old times when Mr. GLADSTONE was the great Coercionist, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, according to his present Irish friends, an accomplice of felons. It may be, however, that Obstruction, in becoming more businesslike and decorous, has become more difficult to manage; and inasmuch as Obstructionists seem to have appropriated the principal advantage from the earlier assembling of the House, it is possible that the shortening of the Leader's hours of work is more than made up for by the increased strain upon his attention. After all, it may be better and "more physical" to sit up till three or four in the morning while Irishmen are playing the fool against each other than to have to grapple from four or five o'clock till midnight with English and Scotch Obstructionists minutely discussing every line in a Bill or lengthily supporting conscientious objections to every vote.

But, whatever the cause, the fact that the leadership of the House of Commons has become a more exacting office than formerly is undeniable, and account will have to be taken of it in providing for the discharge of its duties hereafter. It must not be forgotten that Mr. SMITH was practically unencumbered by departmental work, and that a morning passed in such employment would indeed have been a bad preparation for many of the sorts of afternoons and evenings which he had to spend in the House of Commons. What may be called the mere mechanical difficulties of leading the House of Commons in these days will in future selections of the Minister who is to discharge this function demand greater consideration than ever. Primarily, no doubt, he will still have to be chosen for his intellectual and moral qualities as before, but his physical powers and the amount of any existing drafts upon them will have to be more carefully reckoned. How far the new requirements of the post will be respectively met by the various Ministers who have been named as possible successors to it, it is just now needless to consider. Indeed, there is no necessity for raising either the question of the leadership, or any other question connected with it, for some months. The remark of a certain newspaper that there can be "no danger of "Ministerial complications," inasmuch as Lord SALISBURY "does not deem it incumbent upon him" to hasten his return to this country, is surely a little superfluous. There is no working department requiring to be filled, and the vacant office of First Lord of the Treasury will, presumably, be resumed by the PRIME MINISTER. As for the question of leading the House of Commons, that can wait till we are nearer the time when there will be a House of Commons in session to lead.

ALL HANDS TO SCUTTLE!

IT is not surprising that the enemies of England abroad have been cheered, and her friends dejected in an almost common incredulity, by the language recently held by Mr. GLADSTONE about Egypt. Except in France, comparatively little attention had been paid to Mr. MORLEY'S previous utterances in the same sense, and with reason. Mr. MORLEY is a man with plenty of brains under his bonnet; but in that bonnet there buzzes a bee of portentous magnitude, and with powers for evil not inferior to those of Io's gadfly. Monarchy, aristocracy, and ecclesiasticism form a kind of trinity, at the sight of any member of which Mr. MORLEY'S gadfly sets up its tyrannous hum and drives home its maddening sting. Now France has got rid of the monarchy, has made of aristocracy a futility (if not, also, we fear, something of a hissing and a scorn), and valiantly bullies the Church. Therefore, France is lovely and pleasant in Mr. MORLEY'S eyes, and everything that annoys France is unlovely and unpleasant. Moreover, Mr. MORLEY is not the leader of the Gladstonian party, and it does not seem excessively probable that he ever will be. Therefore, he is "discounted" at home and neglected abroad. Mr. GLADSTONE is Mr. GLADSTONE, and, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT says in a spirit of obedience (which we hope was shared by that second housemaid, and that under-footman whom he himself made historical), has only got to give his orders and have them obeyed. When he speaks on such a matter it is not wonderful that foreigners should hear. It is, perhaps, a little wonderful that even he should so speak. On all subjects even remotely connected with foreign policy Mr. GLADSTONE is, it is well known, like a man born colour-blind, if not like one born blind. He not unnaturally hates the country which has fixed on his name an infamy never to be washed off, except by the repentance and amendment which he will not show. He is probably dimly conscious that this infamy had not a little to do with his last loss of power, and therefore he is as ready to give up Egypt to please Mr. MORLEY and Mr. LABOUCHERE (who we observe is tripudiating with joy over the pronouncement) as any triumvir who ever handed over a relation he disliked to his colleagues on a fair principle of give and take.

What is, however, most curious, and most illustrative of Mr. GLADSTONE'S present state of mind, is his idea that Lord SALISBURY, or he himself, or anybody, can get rid of Egypt in some such simple fashion as a man gets rid of an ill-fitting coat or an uncomfortable armchair. That he should have forgotten his own bombardment and other little matters of that kind in the past, though it seems to have surprised some people, is not so very wonderful. To a certain sense of the apostolic maxim nobody is more obedient than Mr. GLADSTONE. He has not the slightest difficulty in forgetting the things that are behind (except old scores, which he pays with great punctuality), and he never fails to press on to the things which are before and that prize of his high calling, Downing Street. But even he might reflect what he is preparing for himself by talking in this manner about Egypt. Let us suppose that he has fully made up his mind to meet the promissory note which he has so rashly given when it comes due. Does he, we repeat, think that that will be an easy matter? A few out-and-out scuttlers, a few sentimentalists who hate the name of Egypt because of the dishonour England incurred there, and some very respectable and very incomprehensible people who have got themselves partly into a fog and partly into a rage about the conditions on which we stay there—these might be pleased at Mr.

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Gladstone simply giving the order "Up Killick," and leaving Egypt to be occupied by the Turks, the French, or the Devil. But unless Mr. Gladstone is, as some say, going to make Mr. Labouchere himself Foreign Secretary when he gets the chance, or intends to leave the department of Canning, Palmerston, and Lord Salisbury to some kind of Mr. Osborne Morgan, he will find it rather difficult to get this carried out even formally. And if he did get it carried out, he would have an infinitely more fashious job on his hands in a short time than he had before. Meanwhile the Stock Exchange, which seldom errs in such matters, promptly sent down Egyptians on the news of Mr. Parnell's death, simply because it was thought to strengthen Mr. Gladstone's chances.

THE ART OF TITLE-PAGES.

THE question is whether it would have been better for that man of sin, John Bagford, never to have been born? Readers of Mr. Pollard's *Last Words on the History of the Title-page* (Nimmo) may answer this question each to his own satisfaction. There are moments when we fancy that John Bagford, though a callous miscreant, may have been permitted, for some wise purpose, to pursue his fiendish career. He was, if we may say so, the Scourge of God of the Bibliophile. Somehow or other, as has not infrequently been remarked, excellent ends are often attained by means which, to our limited vision, seem rather undesirable. Thus John Bagford was allowed to go about like a roaring lion with a pair of scissors seeking what ancient title-pages and colophons and printers' marks he might cut out for his collection. Bagford was born, as Mr. Pollard informs us, of poor but not necessarily dishonest parents in 1650. Bred a shoemaker, he became that foe of the human race, an uneducated antiquary. He meant to write the History of Printing, and he might as well have meant to take an ironclad into action. For his materials he cut the title-pages out of some 25,000 volumes, many of them rare and beautiful. This proves, of course, as Mr. Pollard says, that books were cheap in Bagford's time, unless he stole them, or used the accursed method of the wet thread in public and private libraries. Nobody says as a matter of evidence that Bagford did this, but the man who would cut off a margin would stick at nothing. However (and this is the wind tempered to the shorn page), Bagford's collections survive. As Mr. Pollard suggests, some person of leisure might use them for that *magnum opus* which Bagford intended to accomplish. At the least, publishers might go and look at the title-pages, and take lessons from the years when there was art even in a title-page. Of course it would not matter much if all our plain, or crowded, or overdecorated title-pages went. We have but a few good ones, among which Mr. Pollard rightly notes those of Messrs. Kegan Paul's "Parchment Series." Some pretty publishers' marks have also been invented, or revived, like the ancient sign of the Ship, derived from the old shop-sign of Messrs. Longman. But, as a rule, our title-pages are ugly enough, especially when they aim at being "æsthetic."

Originally, in MSS. there were no title-pages at all; material was not wasted thus by copyists in mediæval days, whatever Greeks and Romans may have done. The early printers closely followed the copyists. In 1546 Venice produced an absolutely perfect and complete title-page, with place and date and printer's name. The title is in elegiacs, with a capital letter in red, all within a really elegant border. Next, title-pages were, perhaps, too much covered by curious rather than agreeable woodcuts; a good deal of red-lettering, pleasantly arranged, was also frequent. We cannot sincerely praise the meagre title-pages of Aldus, with his Anchor. Stephanus showed some taste, as did Galiot du Pré, and the publishers of *L'Adolescence Clémentine*, and Villon. There is really excellent arrangement of type, and a not unpleasant pictorial border, in *Devises Heroiques*, par M. Claude Paradin, Chanoine de Beaujeu. (Lion. Ian de Tournes. 1557.) The Elzevirs and contemporary Frenchmen gave copperplate half-titles, often beautiful or curious, as in *Le Pastissier Français*, and in the Molière, with portraits, of 1666. Then came decadence, "caricature, carelessness, and ill taste." The publisher's badge was dropped. Far too much was said, and, finally, the printer showed off his resources in far too many varieties of type. Two sorts are quite enough. The baskets of flowers on title-pages of Molière and Corneille grow monotonous, and the artist is never so successful with the blossoms as with the basket. Then came what we may, as our taste directs, call elegance or baldness in title-pages like that of *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766). Mr. Pollard thinks our title-pages are improving; but there is still too much variety of type and too little skill in arrangement, while we borrow our originality from the sixteenth century. Red ink may be sparingly used; we cannot, with Mr. Pollard, approve of blue ink. His own title-page is in excellent taste, with a nice old woodcut. The examples, as a rule, are well reproduced, and the whole is dedicated to a lady, who is not only a bibliophile, but a bibliographer, and, in part, author of the pleasant catalogue of her own and her husband's library at White Staunton. Title-pages are little matters; but even they serve, like other straws, to show how the wind of taste is blowing. Perhaps authors should take some trouble with their title-pages; but when a book is once off their hands, they are usually too tired of it to be fastidious in its interests.

PILGRIMS AND MARTYRS.

ROME and the obscure little town of La Mure, a small place in the hills to the south of Grenoble, in the department of Isère, have been almost simultaneously the scenes of rival, if not equivalent, exhibitions of fanatical stupidity. The folly committed at Rome, indeed, might have had serious consequences. That which has made La Mure conspicuous for a day was mainly comic, at least to spectators at a distance. Both were absurd, were meant to cause pain, and perhaps mischief, and may serve to show what depths of rabid bigotry are to be found in the Papist and the anti-Clerical sides alike in the quarrel which divides all the Southern Continental nations. Happily nothing very serious has come of either provocations. In Rome the police prevented some of the least wise of the population from answering a fool according to his folly, while at La Mure the Juge de Paix has put a check on another fool. It is conceivable that, if the authorities in Rome had not acted firmly, some ugly incident might have occurred which it would have been very difficult to arrange. There are men enough in that city who would not be sorry to make such a piece of vulgar insolence as the Swiss student Conchard is accused of the excuse for counter-demonstrations which would not have been absurd but very violent. The ostentatious visit of the French pilgrims to the Pope has certainly caused some annoyance to a part of the population of Rome. It may be very true that there is now no Roman question and that nobody dreams of undoing the unity of Italy. Soothing declarations to that effect abound. Neither can it—assensible Italians feel—reasonably be made a subject of complaint that Roman Catholics should desire to pay their respects to the head of the Church. Still their visit is a reminder that, after all, there is in Rome a rival to the King, and that he has partisans abroad. When the Romans hear excited foreigners shouting "Vive le Pape-Roi!" they ought to let them shout with indifference; but human nature is what it is, and manifestations of this sort do annoy the people against whom they are directed.

When, after some assiduous cultivation of angry feeling, an unmannerly and manifestly intensely stupid young Swiss behaved himself at the tomb of Victor Emmanuel with the taste of Sir William Harcourt, the anger of the Romans was only natural. The best course would have been to leave him to the police; but it is not the course which would have been taken in most countries. If M. Conchard had done in the United States anything equivalent to what he did with the Register of Visitors to the King's tomb, he would in all probability have added a ride on a rail and perhaps a suit of tar and feathers to his other experiences. There were Romans who were prepared to figuratively, if not literally, tar and feather M. Conchard, and, as that sort of justice when it once begins is seldom discriminating, it is not improbable that the fellow-pilgrims of this boor would have suffered for his misconduct. Happily for him and for them, the Italian police is able to keep lynch law in check. M. Conchard and two others who were with him were arrested, and the Pantheon was cleared of other less aggressive, but not more intelligent, pilgrims, who took occasion to shout for the Pope—an act harmless enough in itself, but inappropriate at the time and place. The Roman mob, which demonstrated against the pilgrims

much in their own spirit, and relieved its feelings in the usual way by roaring outside the French Embassy, was finally dispersed. If, then, the course which it is said the Italian Government proposes to take had been taken at once—if M. Conchard had been conducted to the frontier, and sent across it, with or without direct physical impulse from behind—the matter might have been satisfactorily concluded. It is to be hoped that this course will, in fact, be taken. The Italian Government will, we think, make a mistake if it tries M. Conchard either under the 4th or the 144th Article of the Penal Code. We have no share of that reluctance to make martyrs which is professed by many people who, in fact, are unwilling to punish the offender. Still there should be an adequate motive for making martyrs. We can hardly think that the silly display of this young Swiss amounts to an act "tending to "diminish the independence of the State or to destroy its "unity." It was hardly even an insult to the remains of Victor Emmanuel, and was certainly not a violation of his tomb. On the whole, we doubt whether Victor Emmanuel could be insulted by the likes of M. Conchard. If his act had been one of many, or had in any way been approved by the majority of the pilgrims, or excused by the Papal papers, there would be some reason to make an example. But it has been condemned on all hands, and by nobody more firmly than by the Pope's own papers. In the meantime the language used by the "Veterans," and the violent abuse of the French which was indulged in by "a captain of the Italian army in "uniform" at a meeting in the church of the Pantheon, should be enough to induce the Italian Government to take the speediest course it can to restore quiet; and that, we think, would be to turn out M. Conchard with the maximum of speed and a minimum of talk. At the same time sane Roman Catholics should be warned by the cry for the repeal of the law of guarantees that their cause can only suffer by provocations addressed to Italian patriotism.

The "incident" of La Mure is in itself much more pleasing. In this case the fanatic was an anti-Clerical mayor of the not undignified name of Chion-Ducollet. M. Chion-Ducollet recently took measures to stop "manifestations "tending to disturb the order and tranquillity of the streets." By this M. Chion-Ducollet meant religious processions, and he was minute in his precautions. He issued a ukase forbidding young women to wear white dresses, or ribbons of a clerical cut and colour. When nine young women did, in open defiance of this law, walk through La Mure in white dresses, with ribbons of a distinctly clerical appearance in their hair, M. Chion-Ducollet haled them before the juge de paix. They had with them, it must be added, a bier, on which was borne a figure of the Virgin—both covered with a white cloth—and they carried in their hands banners, also covered, which they held horizontally and not perpendicularly. They were on their way with these symbols of superstition to a neighbouring commune, which does not enjoy the happiness of possessing a mayor so vigilant, so keen-sighted as M. Chion-Ducollet. Here was an opportunity for proving to the world how complete is the freedom enjoyed by the inhabitants of the French Republic. It is to be feared that the juge de paix of La Mure is a person of deplorably reactionary mind; for he actually dismissed the summons with costs. With a gravity which, if it was unaffected, was admirably appropriate to the circumstances of the case, and if it was assumed does great credit to the sense of humour of the juge de paix, he examined the grounds of the accusation, and showed them to be hollow. A statue of the Virgin on a bier, covered with a white cloth, is not a "char de triomphe" of an insolent Church, and banners carried horizontally are not displayed, said this Daniel come to judgment. On the question of the white dresses the juge de paix was luminous. That they were worn was not denied, and with them white ribbons and crowns. But the judge refused to distinguish between gowns and headdress, seeing that the crown and the ribbons are properly considered a part of the dress. He then gave judgment in favour of the defendants on the charge of wearing a costume so manifestly adapted to disturb the order and tranquillity of the streets, "attendu que le port de cet habillement blanc est usité "dans une foule de circonstances inutiles à rappeler, qu'il "n'est pas défendu par aucune loi, qu'il ne relève que des "habitudes et de la mode." So was the Mayor *débouté*. This story has caused some considerable amusement in France, where the Mayor of La Mure will probably be heard of for some time. The amusement is intelligible; for one can but laugh at seeing a municipal officer of this stamp shaking what Michelet might have called *ses longues oreilles d'âne* at the innocent and pious customs of well-conducted church-going young women. And yet for people who live within reach of a mayor of La Mure, and have the misfortune not to be anti-Clerical bigots, it is no laughing matter. His folly shows what petty tyranny can be exercised by Bumbles of his stamp in the present dispensation in France. It is to be noted that the Mayor's order should have been submitted to the Prefect of Isère, and might have been suspended, also that the Mayor broke the law by attempting to enforce his sumptuary regulation without observing proper legal delays. Yet no check was put on him by the Prefect. He is a good anti-Clerical Republican, and that is enough. The story partially explains why many Frenchmen still find a difficulty in rallying to the Republic.

COMMERCE AND POLITICS.

THE career of Mr. W. H. Smith, with all its homely seeming, was scarcely less strange than that of Riperda or Alberoni, or those other soldiers of fortune in Church or State who illustrated the favourite maxim of Lord Beaconsfield, that adventures are to the adventurous. That Vivian Grey should have been twice Prime Minister of England, an Earl and a Knight of the Garter, is less extraordinary than that the newsvendor of the Strand, after filling the most critical offices in successive Administrations, should have become leader of the House of Commons, and the successor of Pitt and Wellington in the heroically-sounding office of Warden of the Cinque Ports. Adventures, it would seem, are sometimes to the unadventurous. The story of the good apprentice has hitherto had its turning point in his marriage with his master's daughter, and his attainment of the office of Lord Mayor. The leadership of the House of Commons and the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, if any romancer had audaciously substituted those dignities for "the "Chair" at Guildhall, would have seemed an abuse of the privileges of fiction. The processes which gave to Mr. Smith's acquisition of them that character of the inevitable, or something nearly approaching it, which Wordsworth deemed it the function of art to communicate to the surprises of poetry, need not be traced here. The public mind has so familiarized itself with them that in some quarters Mr. Smith's training has come to be regarded as the natural equipment for his political career. Commerce—not merely the commerce which has its private room, and gives condescending interviews to suppliant capitalists, but the commerce which sits at a desk on a high stool, or even stands behind a counter, or personally attends to the despatch department—is spoken of as if it were the true school for statesmanship. Mr. Gladstone has recently made the discovery that municipal business is the proper training for Imperial politics. Look at Mr. Chamberlain. The argument and the instance have just the weight, and only the weight, of the argument, enforced by the example of Mr. Smith, from trade to politics.

If any one analyses his feelings on the matter, he will find that they rest upon a conviction of a precisely opposite character. The real ground for surprise is that Mr. Chamberlain emerged from the business of the Birmingham Town Council, and from a Whittingtonian or threefold mayoralty of that borough, with capacities for Parliamentary life and high political office not seriously or permanently impaired. There was something of the "porochial" politician about him when he first entered the House of Commons; his tone was a little that of the smart young vestryman. His freshness of mind and force of character were shown by his gradually working himself clear of these limitations. So with Mr. Smith. He was what he showed himself to be, in the House of Commons and in high offices of State, not because he had turned up his sleeves to fold newspapers, and organized the service known as "Smith's "carts," but because he had qualities of mind and character which were not dwarfed by these tasks, nor wholly subdued to what they worked in. If commerce were really the sound school for statesmanship which it is now the fashion to represent it, Mr. Smith's career would excite less astonishment than it does. From 1688 to 1832, or even 1868, the higher commerce was the main support of the Whig party. It was always strongly represented in the House of Commons. Yet it has contributed few names of the first

eminence to Parliamentary and still less to official life. Its most useful members have been rather experts and advisers of Ministers on their own special topics than politicians of wide range. Such was Sir JOHN BARNARD, to whom the elder PITT gave the title, afterwards transferred to himself, of the Great Commoner. The POULETT THOMSONS and BARINGS and LABOUCHERES of a generation back represent the highest level of official statesmanship which commerce had reached until the time of Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and no one will say that theirs are among the great names of our political history. Mr. WHITBREAD—as every one knows, a brewer, like CROMWELL before him and Mr. STANSFELD since—though a brewer who had married an earl's daughter, was the only conspicuous Whig of his time who was kept out of the Ministry of All the Talents. Mr. COBDEN, on political grounds, declined office under Lord PALMERSTON. If he had lived until the formation of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration, he would have had a chance which he might not have refused, such as was given in a subordinate post to Mr. JAMES WILSON, of showing that he could direct a State department better than he could manage his private affairs. Mr. BRIGHT is understood to have conducted his business at Rochdale successfully, as he administered the Board of Trade, by prudently leaving the care of it to other people. Mr. FORSTER had statesmanlike qualities and administrative ability; but in tradesmanlike capacity he was inferior to inferior men.

The fact would seem to be that, the aim of commerce being personal gain, devotion to it tends to bring into activity a mode of looking at things and an order of faculties unlike those which are required in statesmanship. These views and aims in their proper place are perfectly legitimate, nor are commercial men more selfish than others. But the question is whether the practice of commerce is in itself a schoolmaster to bring men to statesmanship. The answer is to be found in the characteristics of the now extinct Manchester school, whose very basis was the erection of the motives and rules of trade into a doctrine of the State. Its tendency was to substitute the wealth of the nation, in the material sense of the word, for national well-being, and to regard the comity of nations as consisting simply in the regulation of the markets of the world. Even in the range of economic politics, the misleading effect of the application of the analogies of private commerce to national trade is shown in the mercantile theory of the balance of trade. Our great economic statesmen—WALPOLE, SHELBURNE, the younger PITT, HUSKISSON, PEEL, Mr. GLADSTONE—were not commercial men. Mr. GOSCHEN'S knowledge of the City is valuable to him as Chancellor of the Exchequer, because it is controlled by perceptions of statesmanship not derived from the City. The speculative habit of mind, the quest for profitable investments, the cosmopolitanship of capital, are not a training to patriotic statesmanship, though, of course, they may co-exist with it. The affairs of a nation are not to be conducted on the principles of BARING Brothers. SIDONIA may be as intimately versed in foreign politics as Lord SALISBURY, but he would not be as good a Foreign Minister. The habit of dealing with men in any calling is a preparation for dealing with them generally. In this sense, Mr. SMITH'S experience of trade, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S municipal activity, and Mr. GOSCHEN'S knowledge of the City and 'Change have been useful in Parliament, as no doubt were the Duke of WELLINGTON'S military career, and GEORGE GRENVILLE'S and SPENCER PERCEVAL'S legal training and practice. But the only sound political training is political; men must be prepared for Parliament in Parliament, and for office in office. Unless some other exception escapes us, the only Prime Minister from Mr. PITT'S time to our own who entered the House at over thirty was Mr. DISRAELI, the most eminent in the list beginning their House of Commons career with, or very little after, their twenty-first year. It is this essential training which is lacking now; and, in its absence, it is vain to rely on the shop, the counting-house, and the Town Council as nurseries of statesmanship.

A PARTING CRITICISM.

FORTUNATELY for those whose duty it is to comment upon Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches, the amount of notice which they call for is far from bearing an invariable proportion to their length. His latest, which is also one of his lengthiest utterances, happens to supply a very notable illustration of this truth; and the task of dealing with it in these pages will, therefore, be no very severe tax on our own industry or on the patience of our readers. So far as some five-sixths of that speech is concerned, Mr. GLADSTONE has obligingly saved trouble to his commentators by contenting himself with saying ditto to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. MORLEY, who had themselves said ditto to Mr. SCHNADHORST. There is really nothing to be gained by a detailed enumeration of the interminable series of "questions" which Mr. GLADSTONE set in review before his Newcastle audience, still less by a recital of the vague and uncommitting promises of legislation which he made in respect to each of them. It would be generally considered a waste of time to append copious annotations to an auctioneer's catalogue before the sale comes off; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech is less informing than an auctioneer's catalogue, in that he gives only a general, and not a specific, indication of the articles which he has for sale. It will be time enough to be more precise when the buyers are actually around him, with the ballot papers which constitute their money in their hands. Then, perhaps, he will let the working-man know exactly what "boons" he has to dispose of to him in the way of Eight-hours Bills and the like; and then, too, the Welsh Nonconformist will be permitted to hear something of the date at which it is proposed to let him loose upon the Church of England in the Principality. But in the meantime there is nothing to be gathered from Mr. GLADSTONE'S Newcastle oration, except a general undertaking, addressed to all and sundry, the electors of the United Kingdom, that if they—working-men, Nonconformists, teetotallers, or what not—will only unite in restoring him to power, it shall be made well worth their while.

We cannot regard ourselves as under the smallest obligation to comment seriously upon this sordid array of electioneering bribes, the exhibition of which is alike without the charm of novelty or the interest of immediate relation to affairs. The one passage in Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech which appears to call for any specific notice is that in which he referred to the projected Irish Local Government Bill, and this passage has since its delivery become even more interesting, from the fact that it was the subject of what may be called Mr. PARNELL'S testamentary criticism on the policy of his former ally. It had been inferred in some quarters from Mr. GLADSTONE'S censure of the assumed intention of Ministers to withhold police powers from the Irish County Councils that he was himself, at last, prepared to make the desired concession. Mr. PARNELL, however, pointed out that the local police to which he referred is evidently a different body from the existing Constabulary, and that he no more contemplates handing over this force to the control of the Irish local authorities than he did at the time of the Hawarden interview. He is now, as he was then, resolved to reserve the command of it to the Executive, and the utmost that could be expected of him, as was pointed out at the Boulogne conferences, was "that the Constabulary "might be gradually disbanded, and that then the Irish Par-"liament might have a police force of its own." In other words, his language simply comes to this—that "he would "permit the Irish County Councils to raise a police force of "their own, which would exist side by side with the Con-"stabulary, the latter being still under Imperial control." But this, as Mr. PARNELL added, was "practically the pro-"posal of the Bill of 1886," and any one who has kept by him a copy of this legislative curiosity will see that Mr. PARNELL was right. The Irish Legislature, says Subsection (c) of Section 21, may provide for the establishment and maintenance of a police force in counties and boroughs in Ireland under the control of local authorities; but, says Subsection (b), the "Royal Irish Constabulary shall, while that force "subsists"—and nowhere else in this great monument of Mr. GLADSTONE'S constructive statesmanship is there a hint of any intention, even in the remotest future, to do away with it—"continue, and be subject as heretofore to the "control of the Lord-Lieutenant, as representing HER "MAJESTY."

The other "novel feature of a disquieting tendency for "Ireland" to which Mr. PARNELL drew the attention of his interviewer at Brighton three days before his death was that, "side by side with the question of Home Rule, and in "some cases even claiming precedence, are marshalled a "number of other questions." That, as he rightly said, is a "novel feature" in the Gladstonian programme; but we hazard the prediction that it will become less and less novel

as the election approaches, and that on the eve of the contest it will become a "feature" so prominent as to obscure all others. Perhaps, however, before that time the former followers of the man whose last political warning was here given will have had something to say on this subject to the venerable electioneerer, who must, from the nature of the case, be playing false either to them or to us.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

IT is a pity that the arrangements of the universe prevented the Bishop of ST. ASAPH from perusing the comments of the chief English organ of Nonconformist Gladstonianism on his address at Rhyl. "Nonconformity," the *Daily News* seems to think, "is the Church of the Many "in Wales." It may be, in the odd misuse of words and phrases which prevails, necessary to be silent and attend for a moment before perceiving the full richness of this remark, "Nonconformity is the Church of the Many." "If "my opinion was asked, it 'ud be different," said a great character, and it would appear to be the opinion of this critic also that to differ with somebody else is to have an opinion of your own. A common hatred of the Church is a sufficient substitute for belief, for positive agreement, for anything. But it must be owned that the criticism was more than justified by those statistics of Mr. GLADSTONE's which the Bishop had to produce. "When I estimate," says Mr. GLADSTONE, in effect and very gravely, "the proportion of the in-"habitants of Wales who belong to the Church of Wales, "I must be permitted to leave out those inhabitants "who are principally Churchmen. When I leave these out, "you will observe that the percentage of Nonconformists "becomes considerably higher." It certainly does. Let us suppose that that unfortunate traveller who has been gibbeted for writing "Les femmes de ce pays sont rousses" had been brought to book, that a hundred young persons had been drawn up before him, of whom ninety-nine had the tresses of midnight and only the hundredth the aureole of the rising sun upon their brows. In ordinary cases he would feel a little awkward; not so if he rejoiced in Mr. GLADSTONE's arithmetical powers. "I knew," he would say, "that the black-haired ones have black hair; but I will "leave them out, and then you will observe [to adopt Mr. "GLADSTONE's own inimitable formula] the result will be "1/1 or 100/100 red." It would; there is no possibility of denying it, and by a similar process of elimination, though no doubt carried out not quite so heroically, has Mr. GLADSTONE been able to show that the majority of Welshmen, throwing in Roman Catholics, are Nonconformists.

But the Congress had better work to do, and did better work, than this beggarly element of exposing arithmetical sophistries. It may be, it is, desirable that the exposure should be made; for an unnailed lie is too apt to continue in circulation. But both in the more polemical proceedings of the opening day [and in the less polemical proceedings later, the real *raison d'être* of the Church in Wales, as elsewhere, was treated in a fashion more satisfactory than this. All who can rise above the wretched vote-hunting which seems to determine the beliefs of some statesmen, and the equally wretched counting of heads which seems to determine the votes of many private persons, know that, if the Church in Wales could count not so much as one "dearly "beloved ROGER" in each parish, its claims would not be invalidated. It would still remain the Church in, and the Church of, Wales, holding its property by exactly the same title as that by which Mr. STUART RENDEL holds his, ready for Welshmen whenever they chose to avail themselves of it, possessing those qualifications which no Nonconformist sect even pretends to possess, and possessing, besides, other qualities which Nonconformity, by the mere fact of its negative and recalcitrant attitude, necessarily excludes. As a matter of fact, the Church in Wales has gained immensely in numbers, in activity, in influence for good, in purity from abuses. As a matter of fact, Nonconformity in Wales is, as every one but the ignorant dupes of Mr. GEE knows, a mere modern accident which is not at all unlikely to dwindle in another period such as the short century and a half which saw its rise. But these things, though not to be neglected, are not the main question. If the candle burnt dimly, it might be some reason (though we do not ourselves think it would be) for removing the candlestick. But the candle has never burnt more brightly than now. It is by resolute though not over-aggressive activity, by good sense, by sound churchmanship, that the Welsh clergy must help their English brethren to fight their battles for them; and they have made excellent display of all three at Rhyl this week.

THE WHARF STRIKE.

AS the police protection given to the employers and free workmen at Wapping has been ample, work is going on at the end of the week almost as if no strike was in progress, and as if the "Labour Leaders" had never blared or threatened. That is the history of this much-advertised labour conflict in a nutshell. The necessity for police protection was made very clear by the disorders which took place on Monday. Bricks were thrown from the top of the Union Hall at the police and the free workmen whom they were protecting, howling mobs collected in the streets, and in one case, at least, a carman was seriously damaged. Even if no importance attaches to the circular calling on the Union men to fire the buildings near the wharves, this rowdyism was enough to prove the need for an increased police force. As it has been supplied with a promptitude which was conspicuously wanting on some former occasions, this rioting was summarily cut short. It is particularly satisfactory that one of the Union bullies has been caught and adequately punished. The case of this man, JOHN HAGGERTY (Irish, of course), is very characteristic. He was one of those who threw bricks from the roof of the Union Hall, and was captured after a sharp chase. In the police court it was shown that he had already been bound over to keep the peace on the 15th of last July, presumably for ruffianism of the same kind. A more telling example of the uselessness of half-measures in dealing with men of this class could hardly have been given. If HAGGERTY had not got off so easily in July, it is probable that he would have been less ready to commit assault last Monday. The three months' imprisonment with hard labour to which he has been sentenced by Mr. MEAD will bring home to him the danger of being too busy on such occasions, and may be trusted to act as a warning to fellow-Unionists who are inclined to follow his example.

The employment of force having been forbidden to the strikers, the strike has been a complete failure from the first. From the fact that Mr. TILLETT is found urging the men to accept "a compromise," which on inquiry turns out to be merely the terms offered by the employers from the first, it is to be presumed that the agitators are themselves conscious that they have been beaten. They have certainly obvious reasons for wishing that they had been less precipitate in "ordering" a block of the wharves by calling out the carmen and the lightermen. The carmen have come, and their coming has made no difference after the first morning, and made very little difference on that. The lightermen have not even come. So completely has the attempt at Union coercion failed that when the employers met at the Dock House on Wednesday afternoon they found nothing requiring their attention. Abundant men can be found to take the work on the terms offered by the Companies, and as long as they are protected from violence there is no probability that the supply of labour will fail. The decision of the Union to give up the effort to terrorize the free workmen by pickets, and to put "moral pressure" on them at home instead, shows that they have been beaten out of the use of one kind of weapon. It would, however, be rash to conclude that they will not use their alternative method if they are not sharply watched. A great deal of quiet bullying can be done when men are followed home, and it will not be the less effective because it attracts less attention than a riotous picket. Any intimidation of this kind should, of course, be even more severely punished than open violence, simply because it is both more cowardly and less easy to detect. If no illegitimate resource is allowed to them, the Unions will assuredly be as well beaten to the end as they have been hitherto. In spite of the loud swagger of the so-called Federation of Labour and of the Sailors' Union, it is clear that the agitators will receive no general support, and there is every probability that their failure to carry out their threat to coerce the employers will increase the already considerable number of labourers who have left the Union. Their position, it is satisfactory to see, is one from which there is hardly a possibility that they can extricate themselves with credit. If they follow the lead of Mr. TILLETT, and accept a "com-"promise," which is in fact a surrender, they confess them-

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selves beaten. If they persevere, there is every sign that they will exhaust the funds of the Riverside Union, which are much shrunk as it is, and will end by leaving their dupes on the streets, as the wirepullers of the Gas strike did. In either case, the men who have thrown up their work on the Carron and Hermitage wharves must needs find their places taken by workmen engaged as permanent hands. This cannot but make them reflect on the unwisdom of following labour leaders whose interest it is to agitate; and when that reflection becomes common, the day of those mischievous and self-seeking pretenders will be over.

NORTH-EAST MANCHESTER.

IT might have caused some inconvenience to the public service if the new POSTMASTER-GENERAL had been defeated at North-East Manchester; but we have never been of those who thought that such a mishap would have had much political significance. There seems to be still an idea in some quarters that the rejection of a Minister offering himself for re-election is a more pointed rebuff to a Government in power than the defeat of one of their ordinary supporters. In former days this may have been to some extent the case. In those days it would, perhaps, have argued exceptional discontent with a Government that their opponents in a constituency should have embarrassed them by refusing their sanction to a Ministerial candidate. That, however, was a period in which certain courteous conventions prevailed which have now been wholly abrogated. Nowadays the fact that a candidate is a Minister is with the keener sort of partisan only an additional reason for tripping him up, if possible; while it would be romantic to believe that there is any opponent of so old-fashioned a chivalry as to abstain from voting against him on that account. Certainly there were none such in Manchester. The Gladstonians fought desperately to oust Sir JAMES FERGUSSON, and seeing that their success or failure was merely a question of their ability or inability to win over a majority of only just over three hundred, in a constituency in which circumstances have shown that the Irish came near to having a casting vote, it would surely have been a mistake to attach much importance to the issue either way.

Still the contest had, of course, its interest, and an interest which was quickened by the fact of Mr. PARNELL'S sudden death having occurred two days before the polling. It was a matter of much speculation whether the Irish who voted solid for Mr. SCOTT in 1886 would not on this occasion be divided. That there were Parnellites as well as anti-Parnellites among them was well known, and to judge from the report of a meeting held by the former party on the death of their leader, his removal has evidently not yet begun to have the "healing" effect which is expected from it. "The "feeling of hostility to the caitiffs who treacherously joined "with his enemies to hound him down was of the bitterest "character. Vengeance was called for against the seceders "who so disgracefully sold the great and patriotic states-"man now gone until they were hounded from public "life." This is not much of an eirenicon; and if the votes of the Parnellites had corresponded to their words, it seems probable that Mr. SCOTT would have increased instead of diminishing his minority. We may take it, however, that the worst they did was to abstain, and that their numbers were not considerable enough to cause any serious reduction in Mr. SCOTT'S poll. Accession from other sources enabled him, on what appears to have been the largest total poll taken in the constituency, to come within 150 of his opponent, and to score what Mr. GLADSTONE will doubtless claim as another "moral victory," leaving the physical one to us—a mode of partition to which he will never hear us object.

The result came too late for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to make use of at Glasgow. It might perhaps have enabled him to give a flavour of novelty to a speech which was sadly in want of it. Both Sir WILLIAM and his distinguished leader have been guilty of some imprudence in their dealings with their material. Instead of distributing it over half a dozen speeches, which was Mr. GLADSTONE'S way of treating it in the days of his Midlothian campaigns, they have both of them worked it all up in their first speeches, and have now nothing to do but to go about the country repeating themselves. The platform of the itinerant politician will soon be indistinguishable from that of the popular reciter if this goes on, and we shall have statesmen on tour advertised to repeat their admired "pieces" at a series of provincial towns. There was indeed one novelty in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S speech of last Thursday, and that might perhaps have been with better taste omitted. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Secretary from 1880 to 1885, the salvationist of 1886, and the co-operator with his chief and the Nonconformist conscience in 1890, is not exactly the right person to pronounce Mr. PARNELL'S epicedium. FOX on the death of PITT is not exactly, as he seems to think, a case in point; nor was his Virgilian quotation of the happiest. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum.* Yes, there are, and *crocodilorum* too.

COUNTY COUNCILLORS' DUTIES.

THE remarkable majority of the London County Council, whose ambition it apparently is to rival the notorious Municipal Council of Paris, has again distinguished itself. It has postponed several desirable improvements until it is allowed to dictate a new method of adjusting the incidence of taxation. Before doing this piece of work it was the scene of a very characteristic piece of bad taste on the part of Mr. CHARRINGTON, than whom few are more fit to display the taste which we have learnt to expect from the faddist, the New Radical, and the New Journalist. To ask, without giving more than formal warning of his question, in order that his discourtesy might be complete, whether, because the County Council has to pay the Coroners, it has not a right to act as a Court of Appeal over them, and to justify his question by stating that a particular Coroner had "evidently "suppressed material evidence," is quite in the most approved style of the three classes of person we have named above. Self-assertion, vanity, spite, and pruriency are found in the combination, and it is conspicuous from time to time in the County Council. The necessity of dealing daily with such persons as Mr. CHARRINGTON may be one of the most effectual, though it is not among the avowed, reasons for the extensive changes about to take place among the officers of the Council. When this body was first established it was confidently predicted that the zeal which drew some men of distinguished standing to join it would wear off speedily, and that before long it would be a vestry, differentiated only from the others by the extent of its powers and the presence of a certain amount of acrid Radical priggery. The prophecy is in process of fulfilment with unexpected rapidity.

The work of which we have spoken was the stoppage of four more or less necessary improvements until the repayment of the capital outlay is imposed on the landlord. There are some people whose minds are so curiously constituted as to allow them to believe that the imposition of the rate on the landlord would burden him and not the tenant. Some weeks ago a very choice specimen of this class committed himself—and in print, too—to the assertion—which would be astonishing if man were really a reasoning animal—that, because he lived in a flat, he did not pay rates. There are County Councillors many of this calibre who can believe that if a burden were imposed on owners of houses they would not at once raise their rents by a figure which would leave them a safe margin. In this faith a majority of the Council has decided that, till the burden is put on the right back, the improvements shall not be carried out. The ridicule which was justly administered to the betterment scheme of the Council by Parliament and public opinion has obviously exasperated its egregious authors, who are accordingly in the frame of mind to make themselves as nasty as they possibly can. It must be allowed that they have succeeded very well. The personal influence of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, vigorously exerted, did, indeed, induce the Council not to attempt to put pressure on Parliament by refusing to make one end of the new bridge accessible. But the opening of Bozier's Court, the removal of Holywell Street, and two other improvements were postponed till the financial ideas of the County Council are meekly accepted by the nation. The majority must be allowed to have shown some cunning. By not insisting on strangling the traffic of the new bridge, it has avoided the certain anger which such an annoyance would have aroused in all who have business in London. The other improvements are not of such general interest that any wide-spread indignation will be caused by their postponement. Londoners are accustomed to the obstructions

which it was proposed to remove, and will not feel their continuance acutely. The County Council has, therefore, been able to make a demonstration in support of its principles with tolerably complete safety. But the spirit it has displayed is not the less contemptible and mischievous because it may escape unpunished. Nobody denies that the improvements must be made sooner or later. If not made now, they will by common consent prove more costly, and the ratepayers, for whom the Council professes to feel so much interest, will be mulcted in proportion to the increase of cost. With entire disregard of this obvious truth, the County Council has postponed the improvements simply because Parliament will not accept its views in matters of taxation. This, of course, is proof positive, if any further proof were needed, that the Council utterly misunderstands its position, its duty, and its rights. Whether the demonstration will be effective enough to induce ratepayers to take more interest in the next County Council than they did in the last, and to save themselves from the ignorance and frivolity of the body which their apathy alone permitted to be constituted as at present, is, we fear, doubtful. The rational minority of the Council and Parliament have restrained it from the more extreme follies it would willingly have committed. Until it is allowed to touch the pocket of the ratepayer to the quick, we are afraid that he will not be stirred up to elect a majority of men of sense.

THE DEATH OF MR. PARNELL.

ALMOST all the conventionally correct things have been said by this time about the late Mr. PARNELL and his career, and it is not our purpose either to repeat or to supplement them. We may add, however, the one remark that, whatever element of the generous and sympathetic may have entered into our English obituary notices is probably of a more genuine character than it is in nine out of ten such elegies on the death of an opponent. Of Unionists, indeed, this may be affirmed with complete confidence. Our departed enemy had ceased to be dangerous to us; it was, in fact, only a question whether it was safe or not to regard him with those feelings with which a Roman soldier may have contemplated the elephants of PYRRHUS. We held him, at any rate, to be now practically powerless to harm our cause; and, even without looking upon him as its unconscious ally, it was possible for us to survey the man and his fortunes undisturbed by any active emotions of hostility to himself. Nor could any one in whom politics have not extinguished human sensibilities fail to be moved by the spectacle. Mr. PARNELL'S fall was so tragically sudden, the causes which produced it so ignoble, the men who assisted at it so contemptible. The cynical hypocrisy by which the transaction was characterized on the part of his English colleague, and the shameless tergiversation on the part of his Irish followers which alone made it possible, only add, while rendering it morally more odious, to the dramatic value of the situation. So, also, does the gross ingratitude—as black as any recorded even in their history—of the race to whom Mr. PARNELL had, with results which they themselves so often acclaimed as magnificent, devoted his life. The "faithless "perjured Scot" will in future be more than kept in countenance by the people who allowed their "uncrowned "king" to be handed over by the army he had created, to the army who, instead of conquering, had already once been captured by him. That they "sold their monarch" to the modern descendants of the "crop-ears," not for a groat, but for a vote, is a merely accidental detail. The essential infamy of the bargain was the same.

It is gratifying to feel that it is now quite possible, and even probable, that they will never receive the full price of their shame. The actual "groat," indeed, the Nonconformist vote for Mr. GLADSTONE and Home Rule, may be duly handed over, but when the coin comes to be examined they may find that they have mistaken its value to them. What may be the effect of Mr. PARNELL'S removal on the position and prospects of English parties is for the present a question of much obscurity. On first impressions one would certainly be disposed to think that, if any electoral advantage accrues from it to either side, the most likely party to profit by it is the party of our opponents. It is, however, impossible to say with certainty whether the loss of Mr. PARNELL will operate as a uniting force among the Nationalists, or the reverse. But one thing is certain—that if Mr. GLADSTONE comes back at the next election with a working majority (and if he does not, the sacrifice of Mr. PARNELL will, of course, have been wholly vain), the position of the Irish Home Rulers, whatever their Parliamentary numbers, will be indefinitely weakened by the absence of the man for whose death, the clearly traceable result of his deposition, they are indirectly responsible. With Mr. PARNELL in Parliament, even with only a handful of a party behind him—he began, they may remember, with three—but with his ill-defined, but undoubtedly considerable, mass of semi-Fenian followers outside, they would have had something to keep not only themselves but their English partners up to the mark. And their constituents, however much they might have affected to repudiate their late leader and all his works, would have secretly rejoiced at his presence—nay, would have felt that it was absolutely indispensable to the realization of Nationalist hopes. For it is idle to pretend that on any question as to the terms of an acceptable Home Rule settlement the opinion of Mr. PARNELL would have been other than paramount, or that he would have wielded anything less than the authority of a prerogative vote. Nor is it a less idle imagination that, if the terms of the settlement actually proposed by Mr. GLADSTONE proved—as they would be quite certain to prove—inadequate to the satisfaction of the demands of Nationalism, there is any man now left among the DILLONS, SEXTONS, and HEALYS who could hope to be one-tenth part as successful as the man who conquered, and tamed, and at one time led Mr. GLADSTONE in the work of "screwing them up."

A SPORTING EVENT.

THE enemy sometimes says that, amid the multifarious kinds of training and preparation which the modern amateur athlete goes through, there is still, saving in a few amusements such as hunting, very little true sport to be seen in England. Big prizes and elaborate training and equipment may bring their man very "fit" to the post, but they tend to minimize, if they do not entirely remove, the element of chance, and leave only a trained athleticism, which may be a better test of power and muscle, but is certainly less interesting to watch, and, in some inexplicable way, less of a sporting event; for without chance is no sport. However, we have in the craggy regions of the North found a little country gathering over which the genuine spirit of "le sport" still hovers, where the prizes vary from a sovereign to half-a-crown, and the honour and glory of winning is all in all. We shall not mention the name of this place, because if it were to become the resort of tourists, the last lineal representative of the old wrestling-matches, morris-dance, and quarter-staff play, would be vulgarized as the Grasmere sports have been. It would have a column allotted to it in the *Times* and be spoilt. These sports are held at the annual sheep-show of the district in the midst of a certain dale in a northern county. The sheep are conveyed up the valley in the little railway which runs through it, of which more anon, and the show takes place in a field belonging to the inn and posting-house of the dale, which, in return for the use of the field, gets the profits on the drinks, which are many. The profits must be very considerable, by the way, as it is an understood thing that on that day all spirits should be appreciably more diluted than usual, to prevent the dignified farmers of the district, who are obliged to stand and receive drinks all round, from appearing unseemly drunk too early in the day. The gate-money (one shilling for men, ladies free) goes to the association who arrange the meeting and give the prizes.

The day for the meeting was beautifully warm and fine this year, and we walked up the dale to it prepared to be amused. All the people from the neighbouring dales had come over to show their own sheep or to buy other people's, and all were in black hats and black morning coats. A few were already, not drunk, but merry; but the majority were severely respectable and solemn in their best attire. At the show the morning was spent over the sheep, and the uninitiated did not arrive till afternoon, when, after a cursory glance at the Herdwicks and the butter and other prize-winners, they turned their attention to the dancing on the green, where strange local figures were being performed, until the sports began. Even the sheep themselves deserved a certain amount of attention. Ordinarily we have found sheep the least interesting and engaging of animals. Certainly they do not, for the most part, impress one as handsome; but these sheep, whether by reason of their breed, or because they had had their dwelling on the Fells, and came of hardy mountain stock, were

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really beautiful animals. The rams, with their great curly horns and gentle eyes, seemed possessed of an intelligence certainly lacking in the ordinary ram. Their heads were very large, their noses very black, and their fleeces very long and dull red in colour, from the iron-ore in the hills with which they were stained. The truth is a ram may be an extremely handsome and leonine person, though he is not always. Presently the sports began, and the country people, in their solemn black coats and hats, ceased to watch the couples who had been dancing to the accompaniment of an atrocious band from a neighbouring town, and turned their sober, speculative eyes on the hounds that were being led up by their owners for the trail. A drag had been taken round the semicircle of crags which shut in the dale, for the most part in full view of the field; and when the hounds were slipped on to the trail, we had an intent quarter of an hour watching dogs scrambling up apparently inaccessible places, crossing mountain torrents, losing the scent and finding it again, till at last the proud victor rushed, with frantic waggings of his tail, into the arms of his master who was waiting for him. Next came a boys' race, which was watched with very languid interest, and then the great event of the meeting, the Guide Race, for which the crack climber of the dale and the crack climbers of the neighbouring dales were entered, each hotly championed by the natives of his own dale. One curious point about the meeting was the stillness that prevailed. Occasionally a murmur of excitement would arise, but the solemn Dalesfolk seemed to have no idea of shouting. The enthusiasm was tremendous, but the noise was small. Presently the Guide Race started. The course was up a steep rough fell facing the field where we stood, round a man posted on the top, and then down again, and so to the starting-post. The men set forth—six of them—at a brisk trot, and the local crack gradually fell behind. After a quarter of a mile of comparatively level ground the climb began, and the five leaders took the slope to the right. Then the cunning local man bore away to the left, and after a couple of hundred yards of steep bracken, had a much easier, if slightly longer, climb before him than the others. Great was the joy of the natives of his dale at the manœuvre of their champion. All this time the guides were running at full pace up the fell-side; there was no walking to be seen, even among the two who had already fallen hopelessly behind. Presently the local man—whom we will call Jim—reaches the top, and his figure stands out clear against the sky as he goes round the man with the flag. Then he turns on his tracks and begins to come down like the wind, running at full pace, with short sturdy legs, down the grass and the rocks, the heather and the bracken. Presently number two, a much-feared rival of the redoubtable Jim, reaches the top, and he also goes round the man with the flag. He has had a cruel climb, running up the steep side of the crag; but, none the less, he starts to run down full tilt after Jim, his long legs stretching out after one another at a great rate. If Jim runs like the wind, Joe runs like the whirlwind, and, with great jumps from one foot to the other twenty or thirty feet at a time, he comes like an avalanche down the side, catching up Jim hand over hand, and looking like winning after all; for Jim's legs are short, and he is outpaced at going down, though faster at going up. However, his lead is too great, and the slope down hill too short for winning, though not for gaining ground, and on the more level slope he begins to hold his pursuer. Then when they come to the straight, the long man begins to spurt. The straight is the grass meadow in which they started, and for a time the second man gains steadily, while the third is pressing on twenty yards behind him. The spurt, however, does not last, and Jim wins by a few yards, the third man passing the second at the post. Distance hard on three miles, we are told, time thirteen and a half minutes! First prize, 1*l.*, second, 10*s.*, third, 5*s.* Jim is slapped on the back and rejoiced over by the natives of the dale, and borne off the field on several people's shoulders surfeited with glory. After an interval for refreshments—watching a guide race is thirsty work—and a little more dancing, comes the high jump, for which two prizes of five shillings and half-a-crown have been offered. The competitors are clothed in all manner of strange garbs. One small sturdy man in tight blue "shorts" fails at four feet three; then there is a long slim man who jumps doubled up in a sort of stooping ball; another long man, one of the losers in the Guide Race, "cow-jumps," swinging his long legs over one after another, apparently without ever bending the knee at all; lastly, a big burly man like a powerful brewer's drayman fails at the first jump, which is about as high as a tennis-net, but subsequently pulls himself together, and jumps in by far the prettiest style of any of them, carrying his huge fourteen-stone carcass over as gracefully as a lissome professional, and only failing again at the last and deciding jump. His shoes, which are either too large to fit him or too small to get on at all, come off between and during each jump. But he bears it with a cheery grin on his big red face, and we wish he could carry off the five shillings; but the man who jumps doubled up in a ball beats him by an inch—at about four feet seven or nine—and the sports are over for the afternoon.

In older and sturdier times there used to be wrestling in the evening when the men had well drunk, when laughter ran high, and the silent country-folk had found their tongues; but a degenerate age has ceased to wrestle, and only the dancing competition remains for the evening, and that in a debased form. So we left before the dancing and the heavy drinking began, and betook ourselves to the neighbouring station on the little valley railway to be conveyed to our home. This was perhaps the quaintest and most humorous experience of the day. For the railway, a petty thing of small gauge, originally constructed to convey minerals which were never worked, and which thereby landed the line in the hands of a receiver, only boasts three coaches and a guard's van altogether. To accommodate the stress of passengers, therefore, which the show had brought forth, the trucks, which had been used to convey the sheep in the morning, were fitted with rough forms, and there they stood tacked on to the other carriages, and the shaky little engine, still adorned with patches of wool from the last freight and ready for the reception of passengers. A second engine, the only other one possessed by the railway, was waiting in readiness in case the first broke down or proved unequal to the weight of passengers behind it, and presently the little train of eight coaches of all descriptions moved creaking and groaning out of the station over the uneven metals. The natives were stolid when they were sober, and betrayed no anxiety as to the safety of the journey; but the few visitors in the trucks were visibly tremulous as the train swayed from side to side, panting slowly up the inclines and struggling feebly with the break down the declines, now leaning ominously over on one side, now on the other. The engine piled on fuel, and enveloped the passengers in the trucks in a thick cloud of smoke, and most people wondered vaguely how many minutes would elapse before the whole concern—engine and trucks and far-from-permanent way—broke up into its primal elements, and destroyed the passengers *en masse*. After about a mile, which took ten minutes to traverse, a station was reached, and the guard of the train jumped out, took the tickets of dismounting passengers, unlocked the booking-office, and sold tickets to fresh arrivals; locked all up again, waved his hand to the engine-driver, and got on board once more. Two more miles of interminable creaking and groaning, of swaying carriages and uneven metals, and of a very present fear of annihilation when something—crank, or break, or axle, or boiler—should give way; and then another station—our station this time—came in sight. The station was builded on an hill, and the train slid merrily through it, unable to stop, from the weight of passengers and deficiency of break-power, till an incline was reached, when the train stopped of its own accord, and we dismounted, glad to escape with life. Then it starts again for the terminus of the line, some five miles distant, where it will disgorge the majority of its passengers into a main-line train. The engine will then change ends, and pull its medley of trucks and carriages up the line again to rescue more people from the sheep-show, at the same very deliberate rate of progression, after the dancing in the evening.

Altogether it was a unique show, with much genuine sport in it and many beautiful sheep. It is lamentable that the wrestling-match should have been given up, and that the dancing prizes should have fallen off; but the guide race and the hound-trail remain, and the jumping-match, where brawny folk whose shoes come off can yet astonish you by their grace and agility, if not by the height to which they attain. And, above all, there is the railway journey down, in which you face death with the constancy of the heroes of Waterloo and Balaclava, and escape like the veterans of those battles.

MONEY MATTERS.

WITHIN the past fortnight Mr. Jay Gould has given another proof that such as he always was he is to-day—utterly without scruple, callous to public opinion, determined, and full of resource. Mr. Gould began life as an adventurer, with only the proverbial half-crown in his pocket, and to-day, though he is the owner of millions (he is reputed to be worth 25 millions sterling), he is an adventurer still. But he is something more than a mere adventurer. He has extraordinary skill in manipulating the stock markets. His ordinary course of proceeding is to buy up a majority of the shares of some railroad Company which for the time being is under a cloud; then to create an impression that the Company has escaped from its difficulties, to raise the price of the shares exorbitantly; sell out to the public, and leave the Company in a more hopeless condition than when he first took it in hand. In this way he has wrecked the Erie, the Union Pacific, and the Wabash. He has, however, held on to

the Western Union Telegraph Company—a Company that has almost a monopoly of the telegraph business of the United States, and also to the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company and its subsidiary lines. Some years ago he brought the Union Pacific into such low water that the shareholders at last combined together, and drove him and his nominees out of the directorate. During the Baring crisis of last year he found an opportunity of buying once more such a number of shares of the Company as gave him control; he compelled the Board to resign and got elected a Board of his own choosing. It was generally supposed that he would follow his old methods; that he would try to induce the public to believe that he had become reformed and intended to manage the Union Pacific in the interests of the Company, and that, for some years at all events, the shares would command a high price in the market. But whether it was that he was not prepared for the suddenness and rapidity of the rise of the past few weeks or for some other reason, he seems to have sold the shares he bought last year, and to the surprise of every one it was announced last month that the Union Pacific had a floating debt of 20 million dollars, that the creditors were not willing to continue the loans, that the Company was unable to sell bonds sufficient to wipe off the floating debt, and that probably, therefore, a receiver would have to be appointed. There was a very large speculation in the shares of the Company at the time, and apparently the object of these rumours was to break down the general market, and enable Mr. Gould and his friends to buy on their own terms. But the great banking house of Drexel Morgan & Co. stepped in, most of the creditors agreed to continue their loans, and Mr. Morgan proposed a loan of 4½ million dollars to satisfy those creditors who proved obdurate. The loan was readily subscribed, the floating debt was arranged, and it was found impossible, therefore, to appoint a receiver, so that Mr. Gould and his friends have been checkmated in this instance. He then allowed it to get abroad that the usual quarterly dividend of the Missouri Pacific would not be paid. The line has long been under Mr. Gould's control, and it was supposed that the shares were so largely held by him that he could not afford to trifle with its interests. As a matter of fact, however, the shares fell, in the course of a few days, fully 25 per cent., and the dividend has not been paid. Mr. Gould's excuse is that the Company is not earning a dividend, that he and some of his friends have had to make large advances to it, and that it would be contrary to all sound principles of management to go on borrowing for the sake of paying dividends. The American financial public, however, attaches little credit to Mr. Gould's statements. It believes that the accounts of the Companies which he controls are made up just as suits his own purposes; that when he wishes the shares to be high the accounts look well, when he wishes them to be low the accounts look ill. At all events, it always happens that when any of his Companies break down, it is found that he has just previously been lending largely to the Company, and that by thus becoming creditor he is in a position to continue his control, whatever may happen. Mr. Gould, however, has not been as successful in his recent operations as he formerly used to be. For the time being, at all events, he has been utterly defeated in his attempt upon the Union Pacific, and apparently the control has passed from himself to the great banking house above mentioned, while the Union Pacific incident continued only for a few days to depress the market. Evidently he is no longer the power in the American stock markets that he once was. Public opinion is much stronger than it used to be, and is much more decided in its condemnation of his methods, while the great capitalists are less afraid of him, and are more ready to take what measures they think necessary to protect the public interest.

During the week ended Wednesday night over three-quarters of a million sterling in gold was withdrawn from the Bank of England for export, and there is every reason to expect that the withdrawals will continue, especially those for New York. It was therefore thought probable that the Directors of the Bank of England would on Thursday raise their rate of discount to 4 per cent.; but they have not done so. Apparently they fear that they would not be properly supported by the outside market. Bill-brokers and discount-houses are competing recklessly for bills, and the joint-stock banks are doing the same. It was hoped that when they undertook to publish monthly accounts they would recognize the necessity of keeping larger cash reserves, and that, therefore, they would keep up rates in the open market better than they formerly did. But the hope has not been realized. The banks are all employing their reserves far too freely, and are throwing upon the Bank of England the burden of protecting the banking reserve. In this state of things the Bank of England shrinks from attempting, unsupported, to raise rates, and therefore it is to be feared that the drain of gold will go on, and that by-and-bye the market will be disturbed.

The Silver market continues very quiet, and the price has fallen to 44⅜*d.* per oz.

The scare caused by Mr. Jay Gould in New York came to an end on Friday of last week. The great operators there seem to have concluded that, for the time being at all events, he has been defeated; and they began buying on so large a scale that prices rapidly recovered. There was again a very active business on Saturday. During Monday, however, there was less doing, although the purchases of Erie shares were enormous and there was a considerable rise. The London market followed the lead of New York to some extent, but not as eagerly as it did recently; indeed, throughout the week selling has rather exceeded purchases, and in most other departments prices have given way. A number of influences have combined to warn operators that they have been going too fast of late. First among these is the Bill introduced into the Argentine Congress proposing a two years' *moratorium*, or suspension of legal proceedings for the recovery of debt in the case of gold contracts. The measure is unconstitutional and probably cannot be enforced; but if by any chance it is enforced it will be a very serious matter, indeed, for European bankers doing business in the Republic. Early in the week, too, the Chartered Mercantile Bank of India, London, and China issued a report in which it is stated that during the past half-year there have been several failures in which the bank was involved, the result being that the directors have had to withdraw 125,000*l.* from the reserve fund, and are unable to declare a dividend. This was followed almost immediately by a report from the Bank of South Australia, in which the shareholders are told that, to provide for bad debts, it is necessary to withdraw the whole of the reserve fund, amounting to 100,000*l.*, and to write off 6*l.* per share of capital. Other Indian and Australian banks must, of course, have suffered losses, and, naturally, it is inferred that more disclosures will come to light. Then, again, the Paris Bourse evidently finds it very difficult to combat the influences which are tending to bring down all international securities. There may be no break until the Russian loan is placed; but after that a decline in prices seems inevitable.

The prospectus of this loan, which will be found in our advertisement columns, was issued on Thursday morning. The loan amounts to 500 million francs, or 19,775,000*l.* The issue price is 78*l.* 17*s.* per bond of 98*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, or just 79¾ per cent., and the loan is issued simultaneously in Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, and Copenhagen. Of course its success in Paris is already assured.

The Board of Trade returns for September are fairly satisfactory. It is true that the value of the imports shows a falling off of 1,362,000*l.*, or about 3¾ per cent., and that the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures shows a decrease of 1,971,000*l.*, or about 8½ per cent. But it is to be recollected that, owing to the McKinley Act, the exports to the United States twelve months ago were greatly swollen.

With the exception of the American market, most departments in the Stock Exchange show a decline in prices for the week. Americans have recovered. Thus Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 46½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1⅝; and Erie shares closed at 32¼, a rise of 2. Milwaukee closed at 77½, a rise of ⅞; Louisville and Nashville closed at 82⅞, a rise of ¾; and Lake Shore shares closed at 128¾, a rise of ½. On the other hand, there has been a general decline in Home Railway stocks, the greatest being in Brighton A, which closed on Thursday evening at 145½, a fall of 1½. In the stocks of the great Companies the fall is less; but most of them show a decline. Thus London and North-Western closed on Thursday at 169¾, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ¾. Great Western closed at 157½, a fall of ½; North-Eastern closed at 154½, a fall of ⅝, and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 107½, a fall of 1. Naturally the depreciation in Argentine railway stocks has continued. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed on Thursday at 67-70, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3. Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 27-9, also a fall of 3; and Central Argentine closed at 49-51, a fall of 4. The Argentine bonds of 1886—the interest on which, it is to be recollected, is to be paid in gold—closed at 57¾, a fall of as much as 2¾; and the funding loan, which is secured on the Customs, and bears 6 per cent. interest, closed at 56¾, a fall of 2¼. The National Cedulas dropped 1¼ during the week. Thus the A series closed on Thursday at 17½, the B at 18½, and the E at 16¾. In the Buenos Ayres Six per Cents of 1882 the fall has been as much as 5; they closed on Thursday evening at 31-3; and the Provincial Cedulas also fell about ¾, the I series closing at 12. Naturally, too, the shares of banks doing business in the Argentine Republic have considerably depreciated. Thus, the shares of the London and

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River Plate Bank closed on Thursday at 21-3, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3; the Chartered Mercantile of India shares closed at 14-16, a fall of 4; and the Bank of South Australia shares closed at 11-13, also a fall of 4.

VARESE.

IN one of the most beautiful parts of Italy stands the town of Varese. It is situated in a hilly country, from which on one side is to be seen Monte Rosa towering over other snow-capped peaks, and on the other the fertile plains of Lombardy. The richness of the soil, the many villas, villages, and campaniles dotted about the landscape, give to this part of the country the name of The Garden of Italy. The town itself is most flourishing, so much so that when the King of Italy made a progress through the principal cities of his kingdom, it was the only one that did not present a petition for favours to be conferred. It is a bright town without any very picturesque feature, although it possesses many public buildings. The Hôtel de Ville used to belong to a Duke of Modena, of which, a well-laid-out garden behind it, now a public park, is the best feature. Several circular terraces are cut out of a steep slope, with fountains, and a wood crowning the top from whence on the other side a glorious view is obtained of Monte Rosa and its chain. In the town a series of streets with arcades meet in a small central piazza, giving the appearance of a glorified Seven Dials. Following one of these arcades, we come to the piazza where stands the principal church of San Vittore. It is built in the usual basilica form of Italian churches, and is highly frescoed and coloured inside, showing the usual contrasts of an attempt at high art and vulgar tawdriness so conspicuous in modern Italian art. The most interesting objects in it are two very finely carved pulpits, or ambos, one on each side of the entrance to the chancel, and two fine choir galleries on either side inside. There are also one or two fair pictures—one of the Magdalene, by Morazzone, and a St. George by Cerano. A very graceful campanile, with a good chime of bells, stands on one side of the church. The town has a green market-place, surrounded by the usual pollarded acacias, where are to be seen the patient white oxen of the country standing for hours in the hot sun, tightly yoked together, waiting for some would-be purchaser. A barrack and the opera-house complete the list of public buildings. At the latter a very fair representation of *I Pescatori di Perle* of Bizet was given at the opening of the season, notwithstanding the rather faded and "out-of-elbow" appearance of the tiers of boxes which reach up to the top. The factories in the town are well worth seeing, if only to show what good results can proceed from very imperfect and out-of-date machinery. The country round produces a singularly rich and soft silk; so much so that, when machinery was first introduced for the working of silk, it was found very difficult to adjust it to the local produce. There are factories for spinning the silk; some for weaving, of which the produce is beautiful in texture and pattern, notwithstanding the rather elementary process. Several cotton factories also stand round about the town; for Italy entirely consumes its own cotton goods, exporting but little except to Portuguese Africa. Great hopes are fixed on this cotton industry for reviving trade and bringing brighter times to Italian finances. An organ factory also exists in the town which has produced really good instruments, the largest of which is at the Duomo at Como.

The peasantry round bear happy, contented countenances, although they would be considered miserably poor in most other countries. This poverty is chiefly due to the fatal metayer system which prevails almost throughout all Italy, in addition to a fixed rent for the houses. In many places the system is very complicated, the "half" being very capricious. For instance, in this part of the country, the whole of the best corn which the tenant is obliged to grow goes to the *padrone* or landlord; whilst the maize entirely belongs to the former. The continual and almost sole use of Indian corn as food engenders a serious disease which involves hospitals, &c.; but this part of Italy having the most fertile soil, the people are better off than in most parts of the country. The houses are roomy and airy, but poorly furnished, and the holdings of the poor are about two *perdiche*, a local measure which, roughly speaking, is rather more than an acre in extent. The people are very devout, and any visitor would have been much impressed by the decorations of a small church in the village of Casbenno, close to Varese, on the occasion of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the patron saint of the church. The decorations were chiefly of flowers, gauze, and tawdry tinsel, but most tasteful in arrangement, the whole expenses of which were collected in pence from the very poorest. Besides this, several of the peasants brought offerings, some of a most poetical kind—for instance, a round open basket decorated with flowers, and inside a pair of pure white chickens nestling. These offerings were sold outside the church, when the procession had passed in. This little village of Casbenno also boasts of a local wine called after it; but, like much of the *vin ordinaire* of the country, it is not very far removed from vinegar, although quite drinkable. Here also stands the Grand Hôtel, Varese (Excelsior, to give it its full name), the great resort of tourists, invalids, and Italian families in the hot months. It was an old palace belonging to the Marquis Recalcati, and is princely in its dimensions, with cloisters, corridors, and innumerable reception-rooms, whilst the gardens and terraces, kept up in thorough Italian style, are well worth a visit. The hotel is charmingly situated as a centre for touring in the Italian lakes, Como and Maggiore being about equidistant, while Varese itself has a fair-sized lake about two miles from it, bearing its own name. The shores at the south end are not very interesting, but at the north end Monte Rosa, Monte Viso, and a chain of mountains with vivid colouring overshadow it grandly, whilst a most interesting island has remains of prehistoric times for which a museum has been built. Fish abound in the lake, but unless the fisherman is very energetic, and ready to go out at five in the morning or late in the evening, the chances of catching them are very small, what with the brilliant sunshine and the clearness of the water

The most interesting excursion from Varese is to the Sacro Monte della Madonna, a high conical hill, visible from all round the country. A zigzag pebble-paved road emerges from an archway, climbs up the hill, at each angle of which stands a shrine or chapel, and close to the top a little village and church clinging to the face of the rock, whilst the whole is surmounted by a convent. There is a sacred mount similar to it near the Lake of Como. These chapels are fourteen in number, each one containing an artistically grouped scene from the life of our Lord, in more than life-sized terra-cotta-coloured figures. They are wonderfully realistic, the forms well modelled, although the colouring is often crude. They have been frequently compared to an inanimate miracle-play. The groups are only gazed upon from a grated window outside, for darkness and distance lend enchantment to the view, and devout pilgrims are bound to pay their devotions to each shrine on ascending the hill. A curious anachronism is very apparent in the group of the Annunciation, where the figure of the Virgin is in a bed-room with a canopied bed and furnished room after the style of the middle ages. In the last group of the Assumption the figure of St. John is strikingly like the late Canon Liddon. Close to the summit stands the highly ornamented and frescoed church, but in very rococo style. An upper chapel contains two black mummified corpses with silver crowns concealed by a hinged panel over the altar, whilst beneath the church there is a very ancient crypt. This has no architectural beauty, but is of great age, with remains of old frescoes, some very well preserved, and dating from the war of the heretics in the seventh century. A Capuchin monk, Agaggiari by name, built the present fourteen chapels on the Sacro Monte out of funds raised by himself in the sixteenth century, but the mountain has been sacred ever since the days of Saint Ambrose. A small village close to the foot of the hill is called San Ambrogio, also in commemoration of it. In recent times the environs of Varese have again been the scene of a warlike campaign. Marshal Urban, with 10,000 Austrians, felt certain of entrapping and capturing Garibaldi's troops. He barred the route, as he thought, between Laveno and Como, but Garibaldi outwitted him by ostentatiously fortifying the Villa Medici Melagnono, then lighting numerous camp fires, meanwhile escaping with his force through the mountain ravines, reaching Como in perfect safety.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE Dancing Girl, with which Mr. Beerbohm Tree closed, rather earlier than usual, the Haymarket Theatre in July last, was, naturally enough, selected to reopen it last Monday night for the current season. It has been played in almost all the principal towns of the United Kingdom, and everywhere has met with success, and seems likely to continue for some time to come its prosperous career at the theatre where it was originally produced. We have on several occasions analysed this decidedly clever but ill-constructed piece. It is a showy melodrama, which doubtless owes not a little of its popularity to the fact that it deals with the vices of people in "high life," and exhibits society as seen by the lights of the gifted contributors to the *Family Herald* and *London Journal*. But, for all its faults, it has distinct merit, and both interests and amuses. Three characters have been drawn with considerable power and effectiveness—the Duke of Guisebury, so carefully played by Mr. Tree; his cynical and egotistical friend, still better acted by Mr. Kerr; and

Lady Bawtry, a part which could not possibly have been entrusted to safer hands than those of Miss Rose Leclercq. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* is conventional. We have met Drusilla Ives, the so-called "fair Pagan" and dancing girl, in many costly guises before. Only yesterday she figured in *The Lights of London*, and a little while ago was she not Dion Boucicault's Formosa? that "one more unfortunate" who followed in the train of the great original type of her class, the lachrymose and penitent Lady of the Camellias. Her father, too, is only an old melodramatic friend disguised as a Quaker, and her lover—so ably acted by Mr. Fred Terry—is merely an Armand Duval *fin de siècle*, with his theatrically meretricious passion for soiled doves and false sentimentality emphasized up to date. The mercy of it is, Mr. Jones's play is consistently and admirably acted, else we fear its success would not be so phenomenal. Mr. Tree avails himself of every opportunity afforded him by the cleverest of Mr. Jones's sketches, and acts the Duke throughout with commendable tact. He even renders the unnatural poisoning scene at the foot of his hall staircase possible, and in this he is very ably seconded by Miss Norreys, whose Sybil Crake so frequently calls up reminiscences of that oddest of Dickens's young people, the doll's dressmaker in *Our Mutual Friend*. Miss Neilson (Mrs. Fred Terry), who looks handsome and picturesque as Drusilla Ives, acts earnestly, but she also manifests a want of balance, and an over-striving after effect, which considerably mars what would otherwise be a brilliant performance. She evidently—too evidently—needs that repose which M. Samson persuaded Mlle. Rachel was the greatest of all dramatic attributes. Meantime the theatrical world is full of rumours concerning the future plans of the manager of the Haymarket. Some say he is to appear shortly as Hamlet, whilst others swear it is as Nero we shall next behold Mr. Tree "creating" a new part. A play called *Nero*, by the way, recently produced in New York with Mr. Mansfield as the hero, has proved a failure. The imperial histrion who sang whilst Rome burnt can never be made, we fear, a particularly interesting stage hero.

The Gaiety Theatre during the "recess" has undergone judicious rearrangement. It looks brighter and prettier than ever, and the seats are far more comfortable and easy to get in and out of than of yore. That oddest of burlesques, *Joan of Arc*, has been transplanted from the Comique to the house at the corner of Wellington Street, Strand, and appears likely to remain there for many weeks to come. Beyond its name and that of its heroine, it has very little or nothing to do with the poetical maid of Domremy, and the veriest Chauvin cannot accuse *la perfide Albion* of intentional disrespect to the memory of the Pucelle. Mr. Arthur Roberts's new song, "Randy O!" will possibly prove a formidable rival to "Round the Town," which is still sung amid rapturous applause in the great scene "before the walls of Rouen." Miss Marion Hood has a couple of new songs, "My Fatherland" and "The Banner"—the latter particularly catchy and bright. M. Marius is the King, and a very funny monarch is he, especially in the amusing episode in which, together with Mr. A. Roberts, he parodies Jane May and her companions in *L'Enfant Prodigue*.

That the proverbial "oldest playgoer" could not remember a more mirth-provoking melodrama than *On the Wings of the Storm* is not to be wondered at. This extraordinary piece, which was produced at the Globe on Monday night, is the joint work of two young gentlemen, who for charity's sake shall remain nameless. To describe it would be impossible. Suffice to say that, if it were intended as a travesty of the dramatic methods of Messrs. Pettitt and Sims, it was perfect of its kind, for there is no fun so genuine as that which proceeds from spontaneity. But we fear that the twin authors were in very earnest, and that they considered their dingy hero, a native of Calcutta, with a heart "brimful of direst revenge," quite the equal of Othello. How this Asiatic groaned and grunted, and appeared when not wanted, only to disappear again when apparently he was most needed to make things intelligible, are matters we could not venture to relate. One thing he did to perfection, and that was amuse, and, for the matter of that, so did his colleagues, who certainly were the very drollest people we have had the opportunity of beholding on or off the stage. This intensely entertaining performance was preceded by an operetta by Mr. Philip Hayman, entitled *The Scribe*. It is pretty enough, and the music is quite worth being heard again, several of the airs being strikingly graceful and tuneful. It was, moreover, well sung and acted, especially by Miss Amy Farrell, who sings very nicely indeed, and by Mr. Llewelyn Cadwaladr, who has a pretty and well-cultivated tenor voice. The words of the songs need revision, and the whole piece could be condensed with advantage; but, even as it is, it is distinctly above the average of works of its class.

JAPANESE EDITORS.

AN incumbent of a West-End chapel used to relate that, on paying an introductory visit to a lady of his new congregation, he found her enthusiastic in her praise of the sermons of his predecessor, who had lately been promoted to a deanery. Fully sympathizing with the encomiums lavished on the translated preacher, he remarked, "How you must have delighted in his society!" "I am thankful to say," replied the lady, "that I did not know him." This unwillingness to be brought into contact with her public instructor was a true instinct. It often happens that while a man's speeches or writings are weighty, his appearance in society is contemptible, and as people are largely influenced by personalities, the most brilliant arguments and lucid rhetoric of such a one are robbed of half their effect if his audience are acquainted with him in his weaker moments. More especially is this true in the case of newspapers. It is the shelter of anonymity which gives the importance to half the articles which are written, and which imparts to the editorial "we" the sanctity which it enjoys. In the case of the few reviews in which writers sign their names, readers almost invariably glance at the foot of the articles before reading them, and attach to their contents the exact weight which their knowledge of the writer enables them to attribute to him personally. It is our habit—and it is a wise one—to deal in impersonalities. Until recently very few people living beyond the London pavements knew even the names of the editors of the principal London newspapers. A halo surrounds, in the minds of most people, the mysterious beings who control and direct the editorial staffs; and though occasionally, no doubt, this induces some few people to attach undue importance to commonpl ace utterances, yet as a rule it unquestionably has the advantage of leaving the editorial contents of newspapers to be judged on their intrinsic merits.

This, however, is not in accordance with Japanese ideas. Neither in China nor Japan is there any privacy in such, or indeed in any other, matters. The bright light which in Europe beats only about a throne, in China or Japan beats on the surroundings of every one who emerges in the least degree from private life. The affairs of official and professional men are public property, and one such would no more dream of finding fault with the currency of gossip on his capabilities and habits than a prominent politician—Sir William Harcourt, for instance—would complain of a leading article in the *Times* on his latest oratorical display.

These remarks have been suggested to us by the appearance of a Japanese work on the newspaper editors of the Land of the Rising Sun. The author is evidently well acquainted with his victims, and tabulates them with all the zest of a teetotaller casting up the number of publicans and drunkards in his neighbourhood. He divides their qualifications carefully, and arranges his headings so as to embrace all their prominent failings and virtues. First come their literary styles; next their controversial abilities; then their eloquence; and, following in succession, their knowledge, conduct, dispositions, and their business qualities. We are not sure how the law of libel stands in Japan; but it is quite certain that were such a work to be published in England, the luckless author would have to face a rich crop of actions.

The first editor whom he introduces to the public has, he tells us, a good, though hesitating, style of writing. He is a good critic, and has controversial powers; but his eloquence is like his style, halting. He has good general knowledge, and understands political economy, which has not, however, taught him to look after his own affairs. His money passes through his fingers like rain through a sieve, and his purse is in a chronic state of emptiness. The second man is a good writer, but aggressive in argument, though at the same time generally victorious. Before he reached his present state of enlightenment he was a follower of Buddha, and his eloquence is a good deal marred by his introduction of Buddhist terms, which, as we may suppose, are distasteful to the new school of atheistic young Japan. He is an able business man, and has a good eye to the main chance.

A third man would be a better controversialist if he had not the awkward habit of blurting out things better kept to himself. He is a good historian and brave and bold, but is apt to get into quarrels, and then his conduct is, to say the least, violent. The next "exhibit" is, we regret to say, not all that he should be. His style is not polished—that we could forgive him—but unhappily his utterances, which in the morning are clear and distinct, become in the evening, under the influence of wine, the very reverse. While in his incoherent state he is apt to wander forth and to visit scenes at which no well-conducted editor has ever been known to be present. After reading this we are not surprised to hear that he is of a weak and yielding disposition, "like a woman." We put these words in inverted commas lest they should be supposed to be ours.

Thus most invectively the author pierces through the body of

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editors. Of the rest, one we are told surpasses Demosthenes in eloquence, and some mysterious person whose name is transcribed Patoritsukuhemuri, in the use of his tongue. Another has a flowery style and slippery speech, with a fine capability of advancing when unopposed and retreating when faced, of insulting an opponent at one moment and bowing low before him the next, quite as if he had studied at the feet of a well-known master in the art of insulting and apologizing. Another has the eloquence of a clown and the manners of a boor; but for the rest we must refer those of our readers who are Japanese scholars to the pages of the work itself, and must draw these remarks to a close lest we should be accused of having borrowed the loquacity of Patoritsukuhemuri.

THE WEATHER.

THE weather has been fair during the greater part of the past week in London, and the south-east of England generally, but in the west and north it has been very unsettled, with heavy rain and gales. Temperature has been rather below the average, with slight ground frosts over England. On Thursday (October 1) a small depression travelled north-eastward across England, and after a very fine morning it rained all over our islands, except in the east of Scotland; nearly half an inch fell at Hurst Castle, at Cambridge, and in London. Friday was fine and bright in the south-east, but there was slight rain in most other parts; larger amounts fell in Norway, Germany, and in the east and south of France. Temperature was much lower over England and France than of late; on Friday, at 8 A.M., the thermometer in London was 13° lower than it was at the same time on the previous day, and on Friday night it fell to 30° on the grass. The anticyclone, which was lying over the southern part of our islands on Friday and Saturday, brought us fine and bright weather, but depressions skirted our north-west coasts, and on Saturday night a strong south-westerly gale prevailed in the extreme western parts of Ireland and Scotland, and during Sunday the wind increased to a gale at Valencia Island, and very heavy rain fell in the west and north-west; 1½ in. at Stornoway, Mullaghmore, and Valencia, 0·9 in. at Parsonstown, and 0·8 in. at Belmullet; over all other parts of the Kingdom the weather continued fine. On Monday there was a deep depression off the west of Ireland, and dull weather prevailed all over the United Kingdom; it was foggy over the inland parts of England, and very heavy rain fell on our western coasts, the greatest amounts being 1·7 in. at Valencia Island, 1·1 in. at Roches Point and Belmullet. This depression spread all over the British Islands and their neighbourhood, and on Tuesday it was blowing a strong gale with a tremendous sea on the Scotch coast. Heavy rain fell during the day over the central and southern part of England, and also in the north-west of France, the largest amounts being 1·3 in. at Hurst Castle and Lorient, and 1·1 in. at Loughborough and Oxford. The thermometer rose to above 70° in many parts of France, and exceeded 80° at Biarritz and Perpignan; but the daily maxima were very little above 60° in any part of the United Kingdom. On Wednesday morning the weather was finer and the gales on our northern coasts had subsided, although the winds were still strong on our west and south-west coasts. At 2 P.M. the barometer was rising generally, and there was some prospect of the weather becoming more settled, though showers were reported in most districts, and no great improvement has since shown itself.

FILLING IN THE MAPS.

SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF made an observation at Newcastle some time ago which the thoughtful may ponder. "In the nature of things," said he, "the possibility of making great explorations diminishes year by year." The Royal Geographical Society, of which he is President, was never so thriving. It is the mother of a large family dispersed over Europe. Each of its offspring is treated with high distinction by monarchs and by fashionable people, and each regards the common parent with reverence. Its good works are acknowledged on every hand, all whom it would wish to have upon the list of members are enrolled, its organization is perfected at last. And at this moment its *raison d'être* begins to fail, not through any fault, but "by the nature of things." It is but a little sign at present. The Royal Geographical Society has still work enough to last for a generation unborn, but not, as the President reminds us, for ever. Its crowd of members long to welcome any traveller who returns from parts unknown, to hear his experiences, and to bestow a Gold Medal if they prove worthy of that honour. But such emotions must become rarer and rarer henceforward. No hero has turned up this season. Whither shall a man go to make "a great exploration" in these times? The blanks on our maps are filling at a pace which is gratifying to schoolmasters, and to science in general, but deadly to the romance of travel. Africa has still its secrets; so, indeed, has many another quarter of the globe. But they are no longer grandiose, and they are being unravelled in a matter-of-fact way, step by step. Agents of companies, delimitation commissioners, officials with an army at their back, missionaries provided with a steam-launch and a frame-house, push on all round, establish posts, make gardens and trading stations in the wilderness. The day of great explorations has almost gone by; *terra incognita* is nearly effaced. There are people who rejoice at this consummation. Whether they should be regarded with envy, pity, or contempt, depends on the point of view.

When the Royal Geographical Society was young every quarter of the globe, excepting Europe, had a greater area of parts unknown than of regions mapped out and familiar. A man who crossed the American continent, even in the latitude of the United States, was such a prodigy that he had no right to complain when respectable persons refused to give him credit. Further south, the forerunners of Captain Mayne Reid might indulge their fancy unchecked, and Mr. Stephens could gravely declare that, upon the whole, he inclined to think there was truth in the legends of the Itzimaya—the Golden City by Lake Peten, to which the civilized Indians of Guatemala had retreated at the Conquest. Africa and Australia were, shortly, blanks, saving a fringe along the coast line, and reports, more or less discredited, usually, of roving spirits. Java and the Philippines alone had been explored among the great islands of the Far East. From the Black Sea to Macao stretched an undiscovered country from whose bourne few travellers had returned. Marco Polo was still the authority to be cited. Plenty of wandering adventurers had traversed the most remote of these lands, probably, except Australia. But they made no scientific observations, as a rule; their reports were unconfirmed, people took or rejected them upon the evidence of character or on no evidence at all. Compare this state of things with that now ruling. All the legendary empires have vanished or have been transformed into dull realities. We have seen photographs of Lake Peten, where, or whereabouts, Stephens fixed his Itzimaya. English troops have occupied Coomassie the Golden, and dissipated the last lingering myths of Prester John and the Happy Valley. Russian troops mount guard at Bokhara, a branch line of the new railway is projected to Khiva, and the tomb of Zenghis Khan has been classed among Historic Monuments, to be kept in repair at the charge of the Russian Treasury. European travellers have been received by the Grand Llama of Thibet, and they do not think much of him apparently, nor of his mystic Court. The Far Eastern islands have been overrun, and those worth having are shared out among European Powers and chartered Companies. The Mikado wears a tail-coat and white tie, and Sir Edwin Arnold told us the other day that Japanese shopkeepers commonly translate their advertisements into English. As for the wilds of North America, it is enough to say that the buffalo has been exterminated. We are so familiar with the sources of the Nile, that school children think meanly of their forefathers on hearing that this was the supreme puzzle of mankind since the world began till now. Where could one place a romantic empire at this day with any decent regard for possibilities? But thirty years ago there was abundant choice in either hemisphere. Mr. Stephens's thoughtful declaration has been mentioned. He was a very serious and able man, who spoke with the weight of experience in Central America. About the same time, as we have heard, Waterton confessed a vague fancy that Sir Walter Raleigh's Manoa might yet be found. Thirty years since even, though one discredited these pleasing myths, one could not deny them with proof in hand. So when a legend of Costa Rica was cited, to the effect that Drake's mutineers, retiring northward after the sack of Esparsa, founded a kingdom in Mosquito—which still flourishes—no one could disprove the statement. Asia abounded with districts where Utopia might be granted a local habitation. We once heard a most categorical and striking tale from a Spanish gentleman, the Governor of Mindanao in the Philippines. Becalmed in Torres Straits, he landed with a boat's crew, and roamed through a belt of jungle. In the savannah beyond, a body of several hundred horsemen swooped down and encircled the party—all handsomely dressed in uniform, the officers superbly. Their commander, speaking broken Malay, most courteously invited the strangers to pay the Rajah a visit in his palace. There is no need to finish the story. The point is, that no one was qualified to contradict it, and we might have founded a romance thereon, without fear of the geographers. As for Africa, the imagination roamed over it unchecked almost. Steering clear of the few tracks laid down by explorers, one had boundless wastes at command wherein any marvels might be localized. Those delightful possibilities

have vanished. If one found a site with difficulty now where romance might be allowed free play, before the book was printed probably some English, or Belgian, or German official would have traversed that secluded realm, with a tail of Somali sepoys and Zanzibari carriers, and would have reported home upon the prospects of trade. One of the bitterest shocks to sentiment in our experience was that telegram the other day which announced that a French lieutenant had reached Timbuctoo in a steam launch.

The world has grown grey, as Mr. Swinburne says, and in our great-grandchildren's time, if this go on, the Royal Geographical Society must "sink to its second cause and be no more." The era of exploration will have closed like the era of epic poetry and of chivalry. But meantime there is a most interesting and important field which still awaits the destined hero. We refer to that great tract of *terra incognita* marked Kafiristan upon the maps. In all points of view it is attractive beyond any still untouched. Its inhabitants are said to be "white," fair-haired, rosy-cheeked, and grey-eyed—and the statement should be true, for Kaffir slaves abound in Dir, and Swat, and Afghanistan. That they are very intelligent is certain, for a large proportion of those captured young and converted to Islam reach a high position. Though the frontier is so jealously guarded on all sides—by the English in especial—that they have still no better arms than they themselves can manufacture, these gallant Siah-Posh hold their own against the fanatics all around who have been raiding into their land year by year for ages. It is not the fault of Indian officers that Kafiristan remains unknown. Again and again adventurous spirits have slipped across the frontier; but the Government has always found means, so far as we are aware, to reach and bring them back. Nor is it the fault of the Siah-Posh, for they have constantly sent deputations and appeals for assistance. But the Indian authorities are inflexible. During the last Afghan war Major Biddulph was stationed at Gilgit, with the purpose, as was understood, of opening communications. But, if anything came of it, the results were never published. There is a tacit conspiracy to ignore Kafiristan. The most interesting of those few great explorations which remain is steadily forbidden by our Government.

THE LYRIC STAGE AND ART.

I. The Origin of the Opera.

THE origin of the Opera remains an undecided question. Planelli, in his *Trattato dell' Opere in Musica*, a rare work, written at the end of the seventeenth century, states that the first play entirely set to music was produced in Florence in May 1480. The subject was the Conversion of St. Paul, and the music was by Beverini. On the occasion of the marriage of Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, with Isabella of Aragon, in 1489, a magnificent musical entertainment was offered the bride and bridegroom by Berganzo Botra, in which a sort of pageant with a mythological subject was set to music from beginning to end, without any spoken dialogue. A little later, in 1492, Sannazaro wrote a musical farce—he calls it a *farsa in musica*—which was produced with success in Naples. In the latter part of the next century (1552), Beccari produced a musical play—*drama in musica*—entitled *Il Sacrifizio d' Abramo*. In 1567 *Lo Sfortunato*, a comedy by Argenti, was played before the Court of the Este at Ferrara, the music being by Alfonso della Viola. Very soon afterwards Laura Guidiccioni wrote several little pastoral pieces which were set to music by Emilio Cavalieri. But none of these plays resemble, except in a very faint degree, the *opera* as we understand it, and writers on musical history are usually of opinion that the first complete opera invented was the *Daphne* of Rinuccini, who wrote the *libretto*, and not the music, as is so frequently stated in many works on music; this was by two composers, Caccini and Peri. A riper attempt by the same collaborators was the *Euridice*, first performed in 1600 on the occasion of the marriage of Marie de Medicis with Henry IV. of France. A close study of the *libretti* and music of these pieces —they are still extant—will convince the student that, although they approach the modern opera, they only contain the germ of this form of entertainment. Still the dialogue is sung throughout in a sort of monotone, to be later developed into recitative, with accompaniment of occasional bars of harmony from the orchestra. The *soli* are poor, and although there are arias and duets, there are no trios, quartets, and other concerted pieces. If, on the other hand, we turn to the *Circe* of Baltazarini, we shall immediately perceive that it bears in every detail distinct indications that its composer had in his mind the idea of a form of lyric drama which he was unable to fully develop. *Circe* is, so to speak, an opera of the Wagnerian school in embryo.

When Catherine de Medicis landed at Marseilles as the bride-elect, not of the Dauphin, as most historians have it, but of the second son of the French King, she brought in her train a distinguished Italian violinist, Messire Baltazarini. He did not remain long in France, but returned to Italy. It would seem that he kept up a correspondence with Catherine de Medicis, and possibly sent Rizzio to the Court of the Valois. In 1575 he returned to Paris, and was received with great favour by Catherine, now Queen-Mother, who gave him the position of first *valet-de-chambre*, in which capacity he was permitted to found and direct a sort of musical academy in the palace itself, so that in a few years it was said, "all Catherine's servants played the violin and guitar to perfection, much to the neglect of their other duties." Not long after he was established at the Louvre, he sent to Florence for a troupe of Italian musicians, who on their arrival formed an orchestra, of which he became the leader. It was entirely a stringed band, brass instruments being added only on the production of the famous *Circe*. Baltazarini soon acquired considerable empire over her Medicean majesty, who doted on music and splendid pageants. To please the French, he changed his name to M. De Beaujoyeux, but Catherine always called him "*il mio musicante*." The marriage in 1577 of the Duc de Joyeuse, one of the favourite *mignons* of Henri III., with Mlle. de Vaudemont, sister of the Queen-Consort Louise, afforded Baltazarini an opportunity to display his wonderful lyric and choreographic talents. The Queen, Louise de Vaudemont, consulted the Queen-Mother as to how the wedding of her husband's favourite should be rendered memorable by some *fête* of exceptional novelty and magnificence. Catherine summoned Baltazarini, and between them they concocted the wonderful opera-ballet of *Circé*, better known in history as the *Ballet de la Reine*. Le Chesnaye, the King's almoner, wrote the words; Brantôme gave advice; and Jacques Patin, the court painter, painted the scenery and designed the costumes. To Baltazarini was left the music and the general supervision of the spectacle. Never before, and possibly never since, has anything been seen so magnificent as was this ballet, which was in reality an opera and a ballet in one. On Sunday, October 15, 1577, the first performance was given in the Salle du Petit Bourbon, which in those days formed part of the Louvre. So great was the curiosity the entertainment excited that no less than 10,000 persons, on presentation of tickets, had been permitted during the previous days to visit the hall to inspect the scenery and costumes. The play began at six in the evening. The stage represented a fairy island in the midst of a silver sea. The island was filled with beautiful plants and flowers. Cascades of the clearest water fell over the rocks or rose like a cloud of vapour from several fountains. Above the King's throne was arranged a gilded vault occupied by a concealed band of musicians. To the right was a sort of wood in which Pan and the sylvan deities were supposed to dwell. Here was a wonderful grotto, the roof of which was filled with stars. Four thousand solid silver lamps and candlesticks illuminated the vast apartment; and, in short, the scene presented when the King and the two Queens of France, his mother and his wife, entered fairly baffled description. Brantôme declared himself he was quite unable to do it justice. The company who interpreted the piece included all the leading noblemen and women of the Court. Circe was played by Mlle. de Sainte-Mesme, "who was very lovely, and sang divinely." To form an idea of the quality of the actors, it will suffice to state that in one scene wherein Circe descended to consult the Naïades, who were seated in groups round a marble fountain twelve feet in diameter, she found them to be impersonated by the Queen, Louise de Vaudemont, the Princess de Lorraine, the Duchesses of Mercœur, Guise, Nevers, Aumale, Joyeuse (mother-in-law of the bride), Retz, Archant, and the Demoiselles de Pons, de Bourdeille, and de Cypierre. The gentlemen were no less distinguished. The costumes were of fabulous magnificence. Mlle. de Chaumont, who played Minerva, wore a flowing dress of flowered satin, with a cloak of violet and blue brocade, embroidered with silver. Her helmet blazed with diamonds, and was, moreover, ornamented with a long flowing plume of crimson feathers. A spear and a shield duly embossed with the Gorgon's head completed this splendid dress, which was none the less elegant for being archæologically inaccurate. In short, this right royal entertainment was sufficiently magnificent to be the talk of Europe for years afterwards.

It is, however, the musical part of *Circe* which is of the greatest interest. This ballet was a mixture of spectacle, dancing, and singing, not unlike a grand opera of our times. Fortunately, not only have the minutest details of its performance been preserved, but the score of the music both in manuscript and print. It is printed with movable musical type, and not engraved —a method highly to be recommended, as it would enable modern publishers to issue music at a tenth of its actual cost. The "bars" are not marked and there are no indications or qualifications of time or expression. The part-songs for one or more

voices are not printed on the same page, but separately on different leaves. The opera opens with a long and somewhat wearisome prelude or overture. There are thirty-two choruses, several of which are of great beauty, five duets, three trios, eight quatuors, and many *soli*. The solo music is very elaborate and full of curious roulades, not unlike those introduced so plentifully by Handel in his neglected *Salomon*. The finest numbers are the ballets of satyrs and water nymphs, the triumphal chorus announcing the approach of Minerva, and the duo of the Virtues, for bass and soprano, without accompaniment, and leading up to a choral repetition of the air in unison. The great chorus which follows the descent of Jupiter from Olympus is also very grand, and is sustained by forty instruments in the orchestra. The orchestra consisted of forty-eight instruments, including an organ, eight harps, two flutes, two hautbois, two cornets, a clavicembalo or spinette, two trumpets, three trombones, two drums, and a number of violas, violins, and mandolines. In short, there can be no question that this singular ballet was in reality a sort of grand opera. Its invention soon induced other composers to further develop the same ideas, but no one ever again attempted anything quite so elaborate. In 1579 Caccini, musician in ordinary to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, produced a sort of opera, in honour of the wedding of Bianca Capello with the Grand Duke Francis di Medina. It was called the *Fight of Apollo and the Serpent*. The words were by Vernio, and it was evidently suggested by the *Circe* of Baltazarini. The music is still extant. The serpent, however, which, it seems, was most skilfully constructed, got the honours of the performance. In 1600, as already said, the *Euridice* of Rinuccini, music by Peri and Caccini, was produced. The music shows a distinct advance on that of *Circe*. The influence of the grave sacred music of the period is beginning to yield to that of a lighter character better suited to theatrical purposes. Very soon the road was prepared for Monteverde, who has by some been called the father of modern music. In 1613 he was Chapel-Master at Cremona, and a hard student of the methods of Baltazarini and Caccini. In 1607 his *Ariadne* was performed in Mantua, before the Duke and his Court, and produced an immense sensation. Next in succession was *Orfeo*. This opera contains a unique feature worthy of imitation. Each character sings to a set of unmixed instruments. Thus the accompaniments to the arias of Orfeo (like the hero of Gluck's opera, a contralto or alto) are performed on five large thirteen-stringed violins; those of Eurydice, to two French violins; those of Proserpine, to three bass viols. Pluto sings to four trombones, and Apollo to four viols *di grazia*. Monteverde's last opera, *La Cantata di Clorinda*, was produced in Venice in 1643, in the Palace of the Doge, Moncenigo. It contains the first example of a "unison" for eight violins, and also of the introduction of the *sordini* and *tremolo* to accentuate the death of Clorinda. Cavalli succeeded Monteverde, and in 1640 was Chapel-Master at St. Mark's. His finest work is an opera called *Xerce*, which produced a great impression on Lully. Cavalli improved the recitatives, and invented the *cavatina* as we had it until the influence of Meyerbeer and Wagner disturbed the traditions of what people are pleased to call "old-fashioned Italian opera." The cycle of Italian operatic composers of the two first centuries of the existence of this form of entertainment begins with Baltazarini, and leads through Peri, Caccini, De Cavaliere, and Monteverde, to Cavalli and Lully.

THE DECLINE OF DEACONS.

BY deacons we must be understood to mean Welsh Nonconformist deacons. English people who know very little about Wales, and know that very little mostly from hearsay or from an occasional newspaper letter or newspaper article, allow themselves to hold very strange notions indeed about things social, political, and "religious" in the Principality. Not five years ago two English ladies, travelling on the Mid-Wales line of railway, were observed to be dodging about from side to side of their compartment, in evident anxiety and disappointment. On inquiry, it turned out that they had always believed that the hill-sides of Wales were the pasture-grounds of mighty flocks of goats; and they were not a little perturbed at finding that not one solitary goat was to be seen, and that goats were almost—if not quite—as common in England as in Wales. Much the same sort of misconception is found with regard to many other matters of a very different kind. Quite recently the most incorrect, and even absurd, views have been held by well-educated and in other respects well-informed persons concerning the condition, work, and status of the Anglican Church in Wales. In the Principality itself incorrect views have not been rare. Still less, perhaps, is known about the condition of Welsh Nonconformity. To read up in an encyclopædia one article on Wales and another on Nonconformity, and to dovetail the information derived from both, in the fashion that extorted the admiration of Mr. Pickwick, would seem to entitle an Englishman to believe that he possessed a much more perfect knowledge of the subject than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of his countrymen. Even in Wales knowledge on a subject of this kind is often vague and of little value. The hostility of the sects to what they style an alien Church is known far and wide throughout the three kingdoms; but the subtle and manifold causes of this enmity; the extent to which it really exists—for like the agrarian hatreds in Ireland it has to be constantly aroused and embittered by wire-pullers and agitators and self-seeking politicians; the quarrels of the sects one against the other; the domestic politics of the various sects; the domestic politics of each individual chapel; its burning questions; its bickerings; its rival parties, and all other such-like things, are absolutely and necessarily unknown. Could they be recorded by a masterhand, they would furnish a highly entertaining study of human nature in some of its lower aspects. To those who have the opportunity of observing such things it is most interesting to watch the gradual change of opinion and sentiment that is going on in Wales with reference to the due limits of the authority that preacher and deacon should exercise over the faithful in other than spiritual matters. Put briefly, one of the most urgent internal questions of Welsh Nonconformity is, how long will the great body of Nonconformists be willing to endure the tyranny of the preachers on the one hand and of the deacons on the other? Signs are not wanting to show that along with the spread of education there is also spreading an inclination to throw off the yoke of the preachers in things temporal. The temporal power of these petty popes is manifestly on the wane. It is quite certain that it will go on waning unless the education of the ministers keeps pace with that of the "laity" on a proportionately high level.

But the power of the deacons is menaced from two sides. More and more do both ministers and people chafe under the control of these insolent and domineering Jacks-in-office. The more intelligent, better-educated, and broader-minded of the ministers are beginning to find subservience to these men intolerably galling. It must be indeed mortifying for a man of any spirit—not to mention such a thing as spirituality—to have to trim his utterances, theological, doctrinal, moral, social, or political, to suit the taste of some half-score clumsy-minded and bigoted paymasters. If a minister ventures to express an opinion at variance with that of his deacons, even on some point of petty detail, he is not seldom reminded of his condition of servitude by being told to hold his tongue, and not to forget that he is paid to do as he is bidden. A mild request to the congregation to come to chapel in time for the beginning of the service has been known to call forth a public protest from the deacons' seat.

With the general body of the "laity," however, the unpopularity of deacons is due to other causes. The spirit of the Inquisition, we are told, is not dead yet; and it is, perhaps, least dead among the officials who manage the affairs of many a rustic Bethel or Ebenezer. Their ignorance, their intolerance, their stupidity, their ill manners, their disrespect for all authority but their own, combine to diminish the influence that they have so long exercised over the opinions and actions of their fellow-men.

Strong evidence of this decay of power is disclosed in many and various quarters. But the drift of public opinion was conspicuously shown by the vigorous onslaught made upon "Deacons" in an article or essay which appeared some time ago in a Radical newspaper circulating widely among Welsh Nonconformists. This article begins with a contrast between Welsh churchwardens and Welsh Nonconformist deacons. "The churchwarden," it asserts, "is always well-to-do, and is often what is called a free-liver. The deacon is frequently poor, often ignorant, and not seldom narrow and bigoted, but generally possessed of business tact and experience." After this modified blessing, the article proceeds to curse:—"The typical deacon is a very solemn and important personage. He stands firmly on his dignity, and bates no atom of his power. He goes from precedent to precedent, and has no shadow of doubt that religion is concentrated in the pew where he and the other deacons sit before the church and congregation, conspicuous examples of wisdom, power, and godliness. Religion is—they have no shadow of doubt about it—just what they have interpreted it to be, and wickedness is departure from the standards they have set up. That religion is a thing that may exist outside the churches has never entered the deacon's mind, and is not likely to enter it. He owes his position to the imperviousness of his mind to new ideas of this kind." "Ministers are constantly coming under the influences of an ever-extending education, but deacons remain as they were." And again:—"The deacon's position more than satisfies the

average man's desire for power, giving as it does a certain judicial status in the church when cases (of various sorts) are tried, sometimes with a fulness of detail unknown in courts of justice, where the laws of evidence are in some measure observed. The trembling victim who has broken, or is reported to have broken, the Seventh Commandment, is brought before the church, which means the deacons, and is brutally cross-questioned, and, if found guilty, perhaps on perjured evidence, is cast out. To be 'turned out of chapel' is a fearful thing in Wales; and this dreaded sentence it is in the deacon's power to enforce." And again:—"The deacons of any little mountain-side Pethel probably exercise more power, and are more feared and venerated, than the deacons of Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London. Nonconformity in Wales and Liberalism are closely identified; but deacons are certainly not innovators, and religious reforms are resisted by them with all the vehemence of religious fanaticism. Reform has to be forced upon the deacons from the outside, and it is from the outside that any spiritual life is received." One more quotation:—"One thing, however, is certain—deacons may be removed, but they can never be made other than they are—strong believers in a vengeful religion and a glory-seeking God."

Nobody can read these quotations without perceiving that feelings that find public expression in this vigorous language are deeply seated and widely spread. Utterances of this kind have a deeper significance than is apparent at first sight. For the last twenty years the chapel has been practically a centre from which all movements against authority have been directed. It is the authority of the chapel itself that is now questioned. In things that concern themselves and can be easily understood, Welshmen are hard-headed, sensible persons. In political and social questions needing time and thought they have been accustomed to let a very small fraction of their number do their thinking for them. The result has been that they have almost lost the power of thinking for themselves, and have often adopted opinions as professedly their own which are merely the offspring of the brains of other keener-witted and less scrupulous men. This state of things is not likely to continue much longer.

REVIEWS.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870-1871.*

A PASSAGE from the present Count von Moltke's preface defines the nature and scope of the Field-Marshal's history of the War of 1870-71 so frankly, and so justly, that we cannot do better than quote it as it stands:—

> The origin of the book was as follows. I had several times entreated him, but in vain, to make use of his leisure hours at Creisau in noting down some of his rich store of reminiscences. He always objected in the same words: "Everything official that I have had occasion to write, or that is worth remembering, is to be seen in the archives of the Staff Corps. My personal experiences had better be buried with me." He had a dislike to memoirs in general, which he was at no pains to conceal, saying that they only served to gratify the writer's vanity, and often contributed to distort important historical events by the subjective views of an individual and the intrusion of trivial details. . . . Not long after our arrival at Creisau, early in 1887, I repeated my suggestion. In reply to my request that he would write an account of the campaign of 1870-71, he said:—"You have the official history of the war. That contains everything. To be sure," he added, "that is too full of detail for the general run of readers, and far too technical. An abridgment must be made some day." I asked him whether he would allow me to lay the work on his table; and next morning he had begun the narrative contained in this volume, comparing it as he went on with the official history, and carried it through to the end.

This, then, is an abridgment of the German official history of the War of 1870-71, done by the distinguished officer who was Chief of the German General Staff, and for the "general reader." As that it is to be judged, and not as an independent history, and still less as a volume of memoirs. The great reputation of the Field-Marshal, and the magnitude of the transactions in which he played his conspicuous part, must necessarily give an exceptional interest to his narrative. We can quite understand why it has been eagerly received in Germany, and promptly translated into foreign languages. There is naturally a hope, and even a determination, to find an expression of those "subjective views of an individual" which the Field-Marshal thought served only to obscure the truth of history. His readers have, we may be sure, been largely tempted to read him by the desire to find what he was resolute not to give. The success which attended him through life did not fail him at the last. Count von Moltke's personal opinions will not be extracted from this volume, save where he very simply and unostentatiously acknowledges an error of judgment. There is, to be sure, an exception to the impersonal tone of the book, and it is one which has a touch of the absurd about it. In an appendix the Field-Marshal disposes of an erroneous legend about an alleged council of war during the siege of Paris, and incidentally gives an account of his own doings during the Sadowa campaign, which is genuine autobiography. In this case it is clear that Count von Moltke had been "mustarded" by stories which at least implied that the Chief of the General Staff was a less important person than he really was. So he yielded to what he would probably have called vanity in another man, and did give the "subjective views of an individual." From this exception to his rule we gather that, if he had *not* been one of those "whose thread the Fates weave round and full, out of their softest and their whitest wool"; if he had suffered defeat, and had had to endure accusation and reproach in place of universal praise, the world might have had a real volume of memoirs from him. Literature is the loser by his good fortune, for the little fragment which we have mentioned shows that he had a sense of humour, and an eye for the manifestations of character in other men. From a saying of his quoted by his son, we gather too that some contemporaries of the Field-Marshal have reason to be pleased that he did not write memoirs. It is, so he said in confidence, "a pious and patriotic duty never to disturb the prestige which connects the glory of our army with certain high personages." "If we list to speak," said Count von Moltke, but he said it in confidence. We know it from his editor's preface, not from his own text.

What is to be learnt, then, of the Count from this book is mainly negative. Since, after all, a man's personal character colours all he does—where there is no colour we may be sure there is but little character—something of him is to be gathered even from this abridgment, but it is to be got almost wholly by reasoning from what he declined to do. We make no complaint because he has not given what we should so much prefer to have. It was for him to decide whether he would allow the world to put foot over threshold of his. If modesty, a sense of what he owed to comrades in arms, perhaps to one who was to be, and for a time was, his sovereign, made him lock up his thoughts, he was master in his own house, and was to do what he pleased with it. We have never held that the world has "a right" to know more about the heart and life of its famous men than they choose to tell. But Count von Moltke could no more than any other son of Adam jump off his own shadow. Since he chose to leave out of his history nearly all that could give it life and colour, almost all that could make it instructive, it was not in his power to make it other than dull—and dull it is, to use plain language—drab, barren, and jejune. This is not the less exasperating because one cannot believe for a moment that the writer of this dull book was himself dull. There are about half a dozen passages of military or political criticism, two or three flashes of fire which show that if he had listed he might have written a book fit to rank with Saint-Cyr or with Napier. But he did not choose. He preferred to make an abridgment, and that is exactly what he has done. Four-fifths of the book are mere record of movements, dates, names, numbers. In the remaining fifth we seem to hear always the advice to go to the history of the "General Staff" if we wish to learn "the causes of success or defeat." But it is precisely this discussion of the causes which raises any military history above the level of an almanac. To the historian who is anxious to have by him an exact record of movements, dates, names, and numbers, done by the best authority in a workmanlike style, these two volumes will be very useful. The military student may use them as a skeleton which he can clothe for himself. The half-dozen passages of which we have spoken are already quoted on all hands, and will take their place in the common stock; but that these volumes will ever be used for other than the practical purposes mentioned it is impossible to believe.

Yet it remains true that, in spite of its reticences, perhaps even because of them, this book does tell something of the writer. It was because of his temperament that Count von Moltke was content so to write. One naturally desires when dealing with so noted a man, and one about whom so much has been said, mostly in the form of unqualified laudation, to define that temperament of his. It is not, we think, a difficult one to read. Fontenelle, according to a familiar story, had as good a heart as could be made out of brains. Count von Moltke had as good a genius for war as can be made out of common sense, great industry, and a careful study of books. He commanded two big armies in two big wars, but a man is not a great painter because he paints with a large brush. Greatness is shown in the quality of the painting. Now, with all due deference to the modern scientific soldier, we fail to find proofs of anything deserving to be called greatness in Marshal von Moltke's management. There was careful and intelligent preparation beforehand, there was a sound knowledge of the rules of the game, there was an entire absence of that self-assertive, even fussy activity, which made Napoleon interfere with his lieutenants, and there was the faculty to profit by the blunders of the enemy. This is far removed from incompetence, but it falls far short of genius. Among the rare pieces of criticism scattered throughout this book is one which we think very illustrative of the character of the man. "In war," it runs, "probabilities alone have often to be reckoned with; and the probability, as a rule, is that the enemy will do the right thing." This is shrewd. Do the right thing yourself, and if the enemy blunders, so much the better for you, says Count von Moltke; and for the average man the advice is good. But, none the less, there is a touch about it of the waiter on Providence. A man who reasons in this way may well be found marking time till his enemy makes a blunder. No doubt it is for the average man the wisest course. "For where a man cannot choose or vary in particulars, there it is good to

* *The Franco-German War of 1870-1871.* By Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke. Translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer. With a Map. 3 vols. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1891.

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take the safest and wariest way in general, like the going softly by one that cannot well see." But in war the man who cannot choose or vary in particulars is not the truly great general. Now from this very narrative of Count von Moltke it is clear that the movements of the Germans depended in every case on the antecedent blunders of the French. We find him continually saying before Sedan and after it, "The enemy did so-and-so; therefore we did as follows." With an opponent outnumbered, despondent, disorganized by revolution at home, who piled blunder on blunder, this was enough. But it would not have been enough if these favourable conditions had been wanting. Neither can we gather from the Count that, if more had been required, it would have been forthcoming. A general who, having such opponents as he had, cannot dictate the movements of his enemies will hardly have that superiority over better men. Any blockhead, said the savage old Duke of Alva, may win a battle by luck—only a really great general can beat his enemy without ever giving him a chance to fight. To take a comparison. In his great campaign of 1813 the Duke of Wellington directed the movements of the French as completely as he did those of his own army from the day that he broke up his quarters in Portugal. They could only do what he allowed them to do till, having swept them out of Central Spain, he forced them to give battle on ground chosen by himself. This is genius in war, and of this we can see no trace in the War of 1870–71. What we do see, taking the facts as these volumes give them, are two things—one the outcome of strenuous honest work in the War Office and the General Staff beforehand, the other the result of the qualities of a race. In the first place, there were careful preparation, intelligent appreciation of the general principles, and a well-grounded confidence in the schooling of officers and men at the German headquarters. In the second place, there was the German people well drilled, well armed, well provided, in ample numbers (by the previous work of the Prussian War Office, for *à tout seigneur tout honneur*), in the state of mind which Mr. Carlyle compared to glowing anthracite coal; not blazing and wasting itself in sparks, but glowing through and through with the determination to have it out of the *Blitz-Franzosen* for once and for all; to be done for ever with their crowing and insolence, and interference east of the Rhine. The General Staff directed the book moves in a solid orthodox way. The army won a series of soldiers' battles, and France was beaten down. Wörth, Spicheren, Colombey-Nouilly, were every whit as much soldiers' battles as Cold Harbour or Gettysburg. Against Turenne the "go as you please" of the war down to Sedan would have been dangerous; but, then, no chance for it would ever have been offered. No doubt the occasion fitted the virtue of the Germans, but they may fairly claim that occasion generally does fit certain kinds of virtue. As long as they keep their workmanlike organization, and do not lose *Kraft und Muth*, it will be terribly dangerous work to meddle with them. This is better for them than to have owed victory to the genius of Marshal von Moltke. Institutions and national spirit may last long, whereas men of great genius are very rare. We must not omit to praise the translation by Mrs. Bell and Mr. Fischer. There are slips, "point of appui," for instance, is a queer looking mixture; but the book reads easily, and is, we think, to be uniformly trusted as accurate.

NOVELS.*

THE novel-reader—which includes the conscientious novel-reviewer—who comes on a novel with Mr. Shand's name on the title-page will, from past experience, expect certain very pleasant qualities—to wit, liveliness, readableness, a bright unaffected style, a wide knowledge, neither superficial nor in either sense conceited, of the ways and cities of many men, a reasonable plot, reasonable and life-like characters, and in short a becoming quiddity in all things. Nor shall he be disappointed. In *Kilcarra* we have all this, and also, what is always welcome, a novel treatment of a not unfamiliar subject. Much of the book deals with the difficulties of a manly young English soldier who is oppressed with the burden of an unexpected honour, the succession to an Irish estate which, though at the date of the book the League is powerful, is very valuable. This legacy, welcome enough, specially because it to all appearance will enable Martin Neville to marry his cousin Ida, is heavily counterweighted with a legacy of a very different kind, nothing less than a *vendetta*, which the heir, after he has studied a confidential packet attached to the will, feels bound in honour to carry out at any cost. Mr. French, the testator, had succeeded his brother as possessor of the Kilcarra property; and that brother, though a very popular landlord, had been foully shot down while riding home one night, presumably by the orders of a secret society. The condition, or, to speak with absolute correctness, the recommendation, contained in the secret letter which Martin Neville reads some time after he has read the will amounts to this. Old French, to whom Neville was but a second cousin at most, had once spoken to him on the matter, and, to quote from the letter:—

> I was struck by the chivalrous ardour with which you answered. You said that hunting down those secret assassins was the bounden duty of the dead man's heir and his nearest of kin; and you spoke with a conviction which I could see you felt. Then, upon slight reflection, my mind was made up, and I determined that you were the man to succeed me. The courage that won the [Victoria] Cross is my guarantee that you will not flinch from the task, and that the work will be carried out as far as is humanly possible. . . . The property is absolutely yours in any case, and you must act as your honour and your conscience may dictate.

What has gone before the last sentence leaves no room for a man possessed both of honour and conscience to do anything but to throw up his commission, to become a resident landlord, and, while avoiding his predecessor's absolute absorption in one subject, to keep a very wary eye on the chance of discovering the murderer. There is, of course, an alternative; but, as the author says, "If he refused to accept the inheritance and gave his reasons, he not only resigned his cousin with the riches, but he laid himself under an imputation of cowardice which there was no possibility of disproving." Add to this that he had made a solemn promise to old French on his deathbed to carry out his wishes, not in the least suspecting at the time the nature of those wishes. Altogether, when we know that Neville has every reason to suppose the climate of Kilcarra would prove fatal to his cousin Ida, that her father, Dering Neville, a person of shadowy if not shady antecedents, is thoroughly selfish and counts on a rich and brilliant marriage for her, and that, by an unlucky accident, he has told Ida, as from Martin, that the two can marry and live chiefly in health resorts abroad or in England—altogether, with all this before us, we may say here's an old coil fit for a skilled novelist to disentangle. The disentangling is, as one might expect, done with complete deftness, and though, of course, we do not propose to indicate that progress of events which readers ought to find out for themselves, yet we may glance at some of the characters and scenes among whom and which the action of the story takes place as if by consequence of nature.

We begin, for instance, in the dining-room of a club suited to Dering Neville (who, we afterwards learn, thought it prudent to take his name off the list at the Carlton before it came up for election), who is then entertaining his nephew, having nosed the coming inheritance. All the talk is lifelike and characteristic, and leads well up to an account (in Martin's absence) of how he got the Victoria Cross. The story is told rather in the author's manner than in that of the supposed narrator, but this small treason to art may be forgiven here, as it frequently is on the stage, since it gives us a very stirring account of a very stirring incident of war. It is a good illustration of Mr. Shand's versatility that he takes us straight from this to an analysis of the young man's feelings as he journeys to Ireland and thence to the death-bed of old French, followed by the impressive and curious scene of his funeral. The author's touch varies with his many varying topics, but is always the same in that it is light and true. And not the least part of his success is that he pays as much attention to the subordinate as to the principal characters in his work, so that, to take an example, Sullivan the butler—we might fitly say the seneschal—at Kilcarra is as living a personage as Dering Neville, as Martin, and as Ida herself.

With the residence of Captain Martin Neville—or rather, as he becomes, Captain Neville French—at Kilcarra begin, of course, the troubles to which we have referred, and other troubles which were to be expected when once it was known among the disaffected minority of the tenantry that the Captain was bent upon bringing to light the hitherto undiscovered secret of a base crime. In this Murphy the lawyer—a pleasing person who refers to some one as "living between Paris and that place Monty Carlow—it always bothers me how ever they came to have an Irish name down in Italy there"—gives legal assistance so soon as he sees that the Captain's resolution is fixed. As a matter of course there follows an attempt, luckily futile, on the Captain's life, and an also futile chase, described with admirable go, after the man who fired the shot. This incident, or we should rather call it accident, leads up to the marriage which we have hoped for between Martin and his cousin Ida, not, however, without difficulties. For one thing Ida, urged on by a girl-cousin and confidante, has herself to reopen the question of the match because of Martin's chivalrous scruples. And here Mr. Shand, who has drawn Ida throughout with a loving and delicate touch as a delicate and lovable woman, has shown a singular skill of treatment and insight into the workings of a girl's heart. For another difficulty there are the enmity and meanness of Ida's father; but there is an ingenious way found out of this. But the advent of Martin's bride to Kilcarra, though her beauty and charm of nature win the hearts of even the roughest among the tenantry, does not at once put a stop to the troubles inherited with the Kilcarra lands. Many exciting things happen, among them a rattling good fight *à trois*, the result of another attempt on the Captain's life; and thence we come by natural degrees to the winding-up of the story. We should have liked more space in which to dwell upon the excellent characterization which runs through it. The change in Dering Neville's character seems to us particularly well worked out, and we may note one touch referring to his state of mind before his alteration for the better. In certain circumstances "he had repeatedly speculated on suicide. He had shrunk from it, as being both unpleasant and unprincipled." The hint conveyed in the latter epithet shows how his transmogrification, given the

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* *Kilcarra.* A Novel. By Alexander Innes Shand, Author of "Half a Century" &c. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

Lady Rosalind. A Psychological Romance. By Louis H. Victory. London: Digby & Long. 1891.

Recalled to Life. By Grant Allen. Bristol: Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1891.

circumstances, was not only possible, but even probable. One small hole we have to pick (vol. i. p. 277). M. Lecoq in Gaboriau's novels did not spell his name Lecocq. Nor did he bear the advocate's title of Maître. Nor in the same novels was there a Père Tabar*net*. Mr. Shand should take a hint from Sir Andrew in regard to these. But let us end with a cordial recommendation of *Kilcarra* to readers who taste a novel containing plenty of incident and character, both treated in most artistic fashion, and compact of a judicious mingling of the lighter with the graver aspects of life without a touch either of frivolity or of "dreadfulness."

"And so an end, and straight to—" one might well finish the quotation, save that there can scarce be such depths of foolishness in Tartarus as the author of *Lady Rosalind* would have us believe. It is a book where men may read strange matters. So far as one can tell from the no-context, the action passes at no very distant period. The father of one of the characters was burnt as a wizard in France (p. 40). The name of this character —a diamond-hunter—was Claude Charteperdrix. His father had left him a wishing-stick, with which Claude played useless tricks in calling up various Scinlæcas. When the wishing-stick would have come in handy, "nothing never came of it." One of the Scinlæcas (they would not come unless they were dead) described his then present life in a planet, which life he disliked so much that he implored to be allowed to stay a little longer. No wonder; for, barring the spooks themselves, his home was tenanted only by small birds. "Several of these birds are to be seen in each domicile; and not only that, but they are more masters than we, for we are completely subservient to them," which seems pleonastic. There were other curious things about Claude Charteperdrix. His heavy moustache covered "a set of pearly teeth, which, when he smiled—which was seldom—would be otherwise visible." (*Cf.* an immortal passage in Mr. Burnand's *Mokeanna*, "whom he would have called Alphonso, had that been his name.") The friend and partner of Claude Charteperdrix was with equal appropriateness called Jacques Rembrandt, and his father had died in one of the well-known dungeons of the Castle at Dublin, where on a casual and unfounded remark of an informer he had been immured by a *lettre-de-cachet*. Therefore Jacques wanted revenge. Claude was more bent on self-justification. To oblige a villain he had forged somebody's name, and people were inconsiderate enough to blame Claude, though they did not prosecute him. Indeed, there was "a sworn inquiry" into the matter, and the villain was base enough to say, with perfect truth, that Claude had committed the forgery. This led to unpleasantness; the more so because Claude was the husband of the Lady Rosalind. How she came to be the Lady Rosalind "no one knows, not even the great Sea Rover." In Claude's absence "the Lady Rosalind" was courted by a Colonel Victor de Burg, who was in the habit of paying afternoon calls in full uniform. This, too, was awkward. Mixed up with all this was a stupid, caddish, dissipated young idiot named Holzapfel, who had, after ruining himself, "procured a commission in the army." Shortly afterwards he appeared dead-drunk on parade. "This sort of thing," observes the author in Irish grammar, "would not be tolerated, and Holzapfel was obliged to leave the regiment." But the real fun is when the supernatural beings come in. If Claude had a wishing-stick left him by his wizard-father, "the Lady Rosalind" had a father who was also a wizard, though he was not burnt here. What happened to him afterwards we are told pretty plainly by the appearance of his Scinlæca. Thanks to her wizard-father's powers, "the Lady Rosalind" summoned a "very weak monster" of a demon called Ilackado. (For the credit of demonology, we are happy to state that his name does not appear in Collin de Plancy's *Dictionnaire Infernale*.) He wears an old, old disguise—half man, half goat—vomits blue flames, and conducts "the Lady Rosalind" to the cavern of a witch. "This mysterious cave," says an author's footnote, "would seem to be situated in the bowels of the earth, and approachable from all parts of the globe." Here surely is a new opening for Messrs. Cook. With the help of Ilackado and the witch, "the Lady Rosalind" sees the astral bodies of Plato, Cicero, and Julius Cæsar (Nicodemus, like the hobby-horse, is forgot). Plato talks rubbish, and the others cannot get a word in edgeways. We have not mentioned a mysterious murder, *u. s. w.*, but that's nothing. What is really important is that ghosts and spectres are different genera (this we think has been anticipated by Mr. Carron) (p. 61), and that Claude, having been drowned by the villain, was reincarnated in a monster merman, which on being shot by a sailor from a ship dissolved into fiery dew, while from its ashes sprang the original Claude. The crew to which the sailor belonged was in the habit of seeing and shooting monster mermen, but had never, never dreamt of this.

Mr. Grant Allen's story is an ingenious enough adjustment of certain old *ficelles* with, of course, a Jules-Verne-like touch of science shredded in. And, like the whistling of which the phrase "shredded in" reminds one, it may be no bad thing for one in a somnolent mood. Whether to help or to hinder is a matter of temperament and mood. One *ficelle* is loss of memory of all things up to the moment of a shock which has overturned the reason. Another is a variant on the Martin Guerre business. Another is the idea of a person X, who, tracking A to the ends of the earth as being, on seemingly irrefragable evidence, responsible for the violent taking off of Y, learns from A that the person really responsible is X, and—but to say more than this would be to spoil the most ingenious part of a story, which, as we have said, is deftly put together, for all it is disfigured by Mr. Grant Allen's repulsive tricks of style. You have, for instance, a person restored to sanity, though not to full memory, taking a railway journey as a new experience. To this person's perception "an awful picture" —the picture of a terrible death—was always present, and "it obliterated Fry's Cocoa; it fixed itself on the yellow face of Colman's Mustard"; which brings a horrid, though no doubt unintentional, reminiscence of the *rideau-annonce* displaying to the audience, between the acts, the sign of the Grey Riding-Coat. As for characterization, that is naught; but, take the book for what it is, 'twill serve.

MORE BOOKS ON ELECTRICITY.*

IN these days of breathless progress in electrical science, with new discoveries and theories on the one hand jostling new improvements in practical appliances on the other, it is well that we should pause now and then to recall the names of the men who in times past have contributed to the building up of the fabric. Excellent "Lives" have been published of Faraday, Maxwell, and others; but hitherto, we believe, no satisfactory attempt has been made to epitomize the scattered biographies in a single small volume. In *Pioneers of Electricity* Mr. Munro has made the attempt, and, on the whole, with success. He gives us a series of short, bright sketches, omitting nothing material, and stating the special electrical achievements of each of his heroes with clearness and precision. We are not quite sure that Mr. Munro has made a happy choice in the selection of his first pioneer. Is there not a want of μεσότης in the allotment of nineteen pages to Thales, of whose electrical acquirements we know nothing save that he was familiar with the attractive power of rubbed amber? A much better claim to electrical distinction might be made out in favour of poor Jan Swammerdam, that acute but misguided dissector of insects and acolyte of Antoinette de Bourignon. Did he not anticipate by a hundred years Galvani's discovery of "animal electricity"? Luckless in his lifetime and rated below his true value after death, he is now fobbed off with a footnote on p. 94. A still better case might be made out in favour of William Sturgeon, the discoverer of the electro-magnet, to say nothing of notabilities of later date, such as Henry Cavendish, Joseph Henry, and the prince of mechanical electricians, Sir Charles Wheatstone. Mr. Munro would doubtless explain, and not without reason, that these people are outside the scope of his book, which aims at being a biographical sketch of the growth of electrical theory from first beginnings rather than an account of all electrical inventors. Now, if any one was acquainted with the properties of amber before Thales, there is no record of the fact; and Thales was undoubtedly a great man; and so here we find him among the eleven electricians of the very first rank. But the remaining ten are by no means equal in merit; two among them stand out head and shoulders above the rest—Faraday in experiment and Maxwell in mathematical analysis. In almost every department of electricity and magnetism Faraday swept the field so clean that, as Professor Tyndall has said, "hardly anything experimental is left for the gleaner"; and precisely the same thing may be said of Maxwell, so far as the mathematical treatment of the subject is concerned. It is a common saying, Mr. Munro observes, that all the latest electrical discoveries are to be found somewhere or other in Maxwell's papers. Hard it is to realize that ten years have passed since Maxwell died, and that if he had lived he would now have been only fifty-nine. The death of so bright a genius, "in the prime of his powers," was a loss to science which can scarcely be over-estimated. An excellent portrait of him is given (the well-known profile portrait), and there are satisfactory likenesses of the other distinguished electricians, with the exception of Coulomb, Ohm, and Ampère. Of Ohm, we learn, there is only a bad photograph taken in 1846. Whether any likeness of Coulomb is in existence we do not know; but there is, we believe, a striking portrait of Ampère, which might with advantage have been added to Mr. Munro's collection.

For the preliminary instruction of young students, destined to become future pioneers, we can cordially recommend *Magnetism and Electricity*, by Mr. J. Spencer. This book is simply a graduated series of easy experiments; for Mr. Spencer is a believer in the doctrine that by performing experiments the student can acquire more accurate knowledge in a short time than by any other way. No elaborate apparatus is required; any intelligent boy should be able to make our old friends the electroscope, the electrophorus, the bottle-machine, and even a galvanometer and an electro-magnet. Professedly the book is intended as a class-book for the elementary stage of the Science and Art Department; but it should also be useful, we think, to any one wishing to begin the study of electricity without a teacher. The experiments are well selected and well arranged; the printing is good, the illustrations excellent, and the book cheap. We have noticed only two misprints, "on" for "or" in p. 5, and "clearage" for

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* *Pioneers of Electricity; or, Short Lives of the Great Electricians.* By J. Munro. London: Religious Tract Society.

Magnetism and Electricity: a Class-Book for the Elementary Stage of the Science and Art Department. By J. Spencer, B.Sc. (Lond.) F.C.S. London: Percival & Co.

Arithmetic of Magnetism and Electricity; with numerous Examples and Exercises. By Robert Gunn. London: Blackie & Son.

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"cleavage" on p. 69, and only one ambiguity, in the description of the seventy-sixth experiment. Altogether this is a capital book for boys, and distracted Paterfamilias, in search of something to amuse and instruct, will do well to buy it.

When a certain point has been reached, the student of electricity must be prepared to face a course of very serious mathematics. He will make no good progress until he realizes that "electricity is measurement." The more important theorems can only be proved by the aid of differential and integral calculus. It is true that attempts have been made to furnish geometrical "proofs" for the satisfaction of weaklings who might be terrified by "the long *f* and the little *d*," but it has been well said that these "proofs" generally involve as much mental effort as would enable the student to grasp the more excellent method. Still, a great deal can be done with the aid of arithmetic and geometry, as Mr. Gunn's useful little book on the *Arithmetic of Magnetism and Electricity* conclusively shows. Mr. Gunn does not attempt to deal with the more intricate problems. The book is intended for use in the preparation of classes for the "advanced" examination of the Science and Art Department, and if we may judge from the numerous examples cited by the author of questions set in that examination, it is admirably adapted to the purpose.

ROBERT COATES.*

THE time has come when Robert Coates may fittingly be made the subject of a biography. Messrs. Robinson have read aright the signs of the times, and have trusted to a safe instinct in their contribution to the roll of British worthies. To the many, perhaps, Robert Coates may be held scarcely to appeal; to the elect, however, he has no need to present his credentials. Are not the Lives of Beau Brummell and Robert William Elliston among the scarcest and most prized of theatrical treasures? Look at so prosaic and passionless a record as *Book Prices Current* and see the sums for which copies of these works are sold in the auction-room. Coates is, it is true, a star of minor magnitude, but he is conspicuous in the same constellation. Who that had seen him in "The Row" behind his caracoling greys could have a doubt of his claim to immortality? Of a character of even greater eminence, whom Coleridge claims to have seen at about the period when Coates was in his zenith, it is recorded that

> His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
> And there was a hole where the tail came through.

Only less conspicuous and original can have been the figure of Coates in a blue surtout, handsomely frogged, Hessian boots with large tassels, and a portentous shirt collar enfolded in a voluminous and highly-coloured bandana handkerchief. What was wanting in costume was more than supplied in the carriage, which has been differently described as in the shape of a shell and in that of a kettledrum. A shell such as that in which Aphrodite is not seldom depicted commends itself most readily to the imagination. Across the bar of this was a brazen cock, Coates's device, with the motto, "Whilst I live I'll crow." This ingenious fancy was repeated on the steps, and possibly elsewhere in the vehicle.

The parentage and descent of this transcendent creature were respectable, but scarcely illustrious. His father, a rich and prosaic planter in Antigua, had but moderate confidence in his son's abilities, and was endowed with no prophetic vision. He contented himself with giving the youth an education in England, permitting him to disport himself in amateur theatricals, which Coates the younger seems to have been the means of establishing in Antigua, and leaving him a fortune respectable in those days, with a considerable stock of diamonds. A portion of this, with mistrust truly paternal, he invested in a manner that secured his descendant a competency for life.

> Ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,

Coates came to Bath. His talents were not allowed long to sleep. At the York House he met a Mr. Pryse Gordon, who became at once his friend and introducer, and in an ineffectual way his Boswell. To this man Coates owed his introduction to Dimond, the manager of the Bath Theatre. From this moment dates the triumph—it is sad to have to add the martyrdom—of Coates. In a letter to Miss Chalmers, Burns says that "there is not in all the martyrologies that ever were penned so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets." Burns, it is clear, did not know the facts now first fully given to the world.

At the period of the introduction just mentioned Coates, as he stated, knew *Romeo and Juliet* by heart, and, in answer to a comment that he did not always stick to the text, gave the simple explanation that he believed that he had "improved upon it." Before meeting the Bath manager he expressed a hope that he should have a good Juliet, and then, with a mixture, altogether individual and characteristic, of reassuring candour and good-hearted waggery, observed, "My costume is superb and adorned with *diamonds*, but I have not the advantage of knowing the manager, *Dimond*." This joke, though well calculated to affect the managerial heart, came short of the desired effect. Dimond's coldness and his cavalier style of address were the first of the mortifications by which Coates's triumph was to be marred. All opposition was overcome, however, and when the announcement was made that as Romeo "a gentleman of fashion" would make his appearance for the first time in England, every seat was taken.

He appeared on February 9th, 1810. A costume, consisting of a spangled cloak of sky-blue silk, crimson pantaloons, and a white hat trimmed with feathers, the whole ablaze with diamonds, won instant recognition, and, as Mr. Pryse Gordon chronicles, "Never was a greater *furore* heard in the Bath Theatre even in the best days of Mrs. Siddons." The first act proceeded quietly. As the piece progressed the emendations in the dialogue failed to commend themselves to the gallery. In vain did the aristocratic portion of the audience seek to hiss down the demonstrations of disapproval. Some "rascals," as we are told, persisted in interruptions, laughed when they should have wept, and even threw apples and orange-peel on the stage. With quiet dignity, and folded arms, Romeo regarded some individuals in a side box, who were shouting "Off, off!" All was in vain. It the fifth act, when the hero was about to break into Juliet's tomb, the clamour was so great that the curtain fell to rise no more. The bitterness of this defeat was mitigated when, on the invitation of the patronesses, Coates appeared at a subscription ball, at York House, dressed as Romeo, and, mounting on the table among the decanters and glasses, recited Mozeen's once-famous verses, "Bucks, have at ye all."

Great souls are stirred to further effort by opposition. Nowise discouraged, Coates appeared in Brighton, Richmond, Cheltenham, Birmingham, and even in London, adding to his repertory Lothario in *The Fair Penitent* and Belcour in *The West Indian*. As Lothario he made, 9th December, 1811, his first appearance in London. Whether he improved the text of Rowe, as he had improved that of Shakspeare, remains unknown. The same scene was constantly repeated. Aristocratic patrons cheered him to the echo, while the prejudiced pit refused to listen to him, and begot scenes of constant disorder. Scurrilous newspapers kept up a fusillade against him, and wags of actors, notably the elder Mathews, quizzed him upon the stage.

His popularity made him the butt of ribald jokes. The most conspicuous of these was due to Theodore Hook, a man into whose composition no spark of reverence seems to have entered. After the presentation to the Regent, Coates was laudably anxious to be admitted among the associates of his future monarch. No definite reason appears to have existed why so natural an ambition should not have been granted. Noways surprised accordingly was Coates when a missive delivered by a gentleman in scarlet livery was found to contain a message that "The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, to invite Mr. Robert Coates to a ball and supper at Carlton House on Friday evening." The five-hundred-guinea diamonds which had done constant duty as coat buttons were polished afresh, the handsomest obtainable costume was donned, and Coates started from his apartments in Craven Street in a chair preceded by two footmen in costly liveries. One of the two colonels on duty allowed him to pass unchallenged, but the second revealed to him the startling intelligence that his invitation was a forgery. In supreme moments such as this grandeur of soul is revealed. Coates showed no sign of confusion or heartbreak, and when accosted by a stranger well muffled, who was no other than the author of the trick, and asked why he was leaving the fête ere the entertainment had commenced, he answered with simplicity and candour that there had been some little informality, and added, with a confidence that should have caused a pang in the bosom of Hook, that before going home he should ask the permission of the Chevalier Ruspini to view from the balcony opposite Carlton House the arrival of the remainder of the guests. Expressions of regret from the Prince Regent came to solace the defeated amateur, and all amends except a genuine invitation were proffered.

Coates lived to a ripe age. If his later years were clouded and he was obliged to take refuge at Boulogne, some remnant of glory clung to him even in his decadence. He was then able to lend to Louis Philippe and the Queen the rooms he occupied in the Hôtel du Nord, and, with touching regret for their position, waited through the evening in order to meet them on the steps and receive their personal acknowledgment. As Romeo Coates, Cock-a-doodle-doo Coates, and the Fashionable Amateur, his name is still heard of, though the title he himself elected to bear, the Philanthropic Amateur, is all but forgotten. Stage chroniclers have been grudging in dealing with his claims, and some have even been encountered so ungenerous as to hint that his philanthropy was a sham, and that, whatever might be the worth of his diamonds, the gems of his conduct were paste. No such opinion will be possible to those who study, as it deserves to be studied, the biography of Romeo Coates.

* *The Life of Robert Coates, better known as "Romeo" and "Diamond" Coates, a celebrated Amateur of Fashion.* By John R. and Hunter H. Robinson. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

TEACHING IN THREE CONTINENTS.*

TEACHING in Three Continents, its writer tells us, was not originally written with a view to publication. It is written from an Australian standpoint; and, in his preface, Mr. Grasby points out that the eyes of Australia "are being more and more directed towards America," and its institutions, seeing that the

* *Teaching in Three Continents.* Personal Notes of the Educational Systems of the World. By W. Catton Grasby. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1891.

circumstances which have altered, developed, and modified the Anglo-Saxon race in that country—in other words, made them Americans—have been similar to those influences which are giving distinctive characteristics to the Australians. It is profitable for every Australian to study American history and institutions, if he would understand his country's destinies. English folk in new countries are untrue to their origin if they do not, untrammelled by traditions, with all the advantages of new, rich, and boundless fields of enterprise, progress faster than their relations in the mother-land. Investigation proves that such is the case, but to a less extent than might be reasonably supposed. It is clear that from a critic of this sort no partiality is to be expected for purely English methods of school management and teaching; yet we are glad to say that they do not incur as much blame as we had feared, even when compared with those of America. Indeed, there is a cheerful optimistic tone in Mr. Grasby's book, which strikes one as strange when contrasted with the utterances of some other acknowledged authorities on the subject. We remember to have heard the manager of a by no means first-class school in the neighbourhood of London declare that there was no school so good in one of the Australian colonies, which he knew well; and we find no allusion in Mr. Grasby's book to one of the main difficulties of the compulsory system in England—namely, that it does not touch children of the lowest class of all, who need schooling more than any others. Just as Aristophanes remarked that in Athens, in his day, the base coin drove the good out of circulation, so the presence of well-to-do children in schools drives out the dirty ragged outcasts. Now there is a widespread and spreading idea that, if people are forced to pay rates for the maintenance of schools, they may as well make use of those schools for the education of their own children, and we know of instances in which the children of prosperous tradespeople, clerks in banks, and other persons with incomes ranging from 200*l.* to 500*l.* a year, send their children to the Board School, escorted to and fro in many cases by their servants. The necessary result of this proceeding, logical though it may be, is the exclusion of the children of the working class from that school; for the two classes, it has been proved, will not amalgamate. In Australia this difficulty exists; but, according to Mr. Grasby, it is overcome by the different classes settling in different quarters of the great Australian cities.

> It sounds very pretty [Mr. Grasby observes] to speak of the same schools for all classes of children; practically this has not been realized in any large centre of population, although it has in many places where population is less dense, and where the *very poor* do not exist. In all large towns there are various districts inhabited by particular classes of people. In democratic America, or newer and more democratic Australia, this is seen as clearly as if some power had taken the people as they landed, and allotted them their locality. . . . American schools are provided as much for the children of the wealthy as of the poor; as much for the son of the famous lawyer as for the child of the pedlar; and both attend them on the same terms; but a visitor expecting to find these two classes in the same schools will be disappointed. One school is as good as another, but the locality determines the character of the pupils.

In England, where perhaps people of different social castes do not arrange themselves so carefully in different quarters, the complaint is often heard that the children of the well-to-do ratepayers are monopolizing the schools which were intended for the children of a lower class, and that the latter are running wild about the streets.

On the question of payment for, and by, results there is a good deal to be learned from Mr. Grasby's sketch of how these matters are managed in other countries. It is easy to denounce the system, and to point out how, by its operation, the schools where the work is hardest are those which receive the lowest amount of grant; the difficulty is to find a remedy. "In England," says Mr. Grasby, "the result has been an exemplification of the text 'Unto him that hath to him shall be given.' The schools in poor districts most in need of help, where the enlightening and elevating influences of education are most needed, have to carry on work at less cost than more favoured districts." And he very truly adds, "State aid should be given equally to all; but if it is to be unevenly distributed, let the poorest have the most." All this is true enough, as is also the complaint that in some cases "Grant Factory" would be a better name than "School," and that all real education is sacrificed to percentages, just as under the old system for the encouragement of British fisheries boats were fitted out, not to catch herrings, but to catch the bounty. We have said that there is a good deal to be learned from this chapter, though it is one of the shortest in the book; but the most important of all the solutions given is slurred over in an unsatisfactory fashion. "In Germany," we are told, "the authorities estimate a teacher's work chiefly by ascertaining how he teaches. Examinations are used, and used frequently; but it is to test present work, not the ability of the pupil to retain isolated facts for long periods of time." No further details of the German system are given, though it appears to meet the objections to the English scheme. In Australia matters seem to be little better than in England as regards payment by results; and we are given no clue as to how the German inspector classifies—and forms an estimate of the value of—teaching. It is, however, satisfactory to find that "payment by results" is unsparingly denounced by teachers in all countries in which it is practised, and that the system only exists because nothing has as yet been invented to take its place.

Mr. Grasby is evidently much interested in the "Kindergarten" system, and has much to tell of its success in various parts of the world. For elder children he vigorously opposes the pupil-teacher system, which, according to him, was "invented by Messrs. Bell and Lancaster as an emergency means of providing a substitute for proper assistance, which at that time it was impossible to obtain." The objections to the system, as far as we know, are twofold; the pupil-teacher necessarily bungles in his attempts to teach other children what he only imperfectly understands, and secondly, when exhausted by teaching, he has to be taught. On the other hand, it is urged, the pupil-teacher is far more "in touch with his class than any grown-up master or mistress can be, and, therefore, is able to convey his meaning in the way in which it is best understood, while it is undeniable that to teach a subject to others is the very best way to learn it oneself. That there are objections to the system is not to be denied; but, if the pupil-teachers are carefully chosen for their intelligence and managing power, and have a proper sense of the responsibility which rests upon them, they may do much good both to their fellows and themselves. It is an institution which may easily fail in incompetent hands, but need not on that ground be condemned. Measures have lately been taken in England to remedy some of the obvious defects of the pupil-teacher system, and throughout Australia, Mr. Grasby tells us, it flourishes exceedingly.

It is interesting to learn that, while "the English boy has his tradition of rowdiness to maintain, and does maintain it well, as does his Australian relative, the American exhibits little or none of that stock of rudeness supposed to be essential to and inseparable from a schoolboy." The American boy apparently does not care for games, and evidently "grows up" much earlier than boys in England or Australia.

It is impossible for us to give, within the limits of this article, even a summary of the many important matters connected with schools and school-management which are discussed in Mr. Grasby's book, and the many valuable facts which he has collected together. We may not be prepared to adopt his ultra-democratic theories; but we cannot question his sincerity or his enthusiasm.

> Did we but recognize it [he writes] pedagogy is the noblest of professions, and the teacher is the greatest of artists. The sculptor fashions marble, the teacher children's minds; the painter with consummate art transfers to canvas ideals of beauty which become the treasure of nations, the shrines of art at which all worship; but the teacher, working on a surface more delicate than photographer's plate, may imprint pictures of ideal manhood on noble souls, which may prove the regenerating influences of the world. The musician awakens strings to life, the teacher ideas: the one thrills the crowd, the other quietly sets thoughts vibrating which, thrilling through the human soul, shall roll on through the ascending ages in ever-widening circles, and time alone can show the end, the good God the value.

Not only the importance which Mr. Grasby attributes to the office of the teacher, but also his general methods of thought, are shown by the following diatribe on the American custom of regarding teaching merely as a means of obtaining money wherewith to commence the practice of law or other professions:—

> This custom, I believe rapidly passing away, of thus looking at the work of a teacher, has been productive of much harm. Except in individual cases, men will always aim at those positions in which it is possible to win the widest reputations, the highest honours, the largest incomes, and the best social position. While the relics of savagery linger to such an extent that the drones of the national hive, the fomenters of quarrels, thrive best—nay, exist at all—in consequence of the barbarism of our natures; while the profession of suppressing crime and fomenting national quarrels and wholesale butchery is more highly honoured than training boys for useful lives; while it is considered an "advance" to leave the education of a child in order to publicly lie in defence of a criminal who has been allowed to reach his condition of degradation by neglect in early life, it is not to be wondered that the world's progress, though sure, should be slow.

FREELAND.*

THOSE readers who can cast back their minds to the days when they read *The Swiss Family Robinson* will recollect the extraordinary fecundity and native wealth of the island in which those lucky waifs resided. Not a fruit but flourished, not an edible bird or beast but inhabited that astounding latitude, and what was even more wonderful than the abundance of incongruous and incompatible forms of natural wealth was the success of every enterprise which any member of the family undertook. The fabulous resources of that island and the unwavering good fortune of the Robinsons of Switzerland are repeated in the well-meaning and intelligent, but excessively long-winded, romance which Dr. Theodor Hertzka has devoted to his dream of Central African Socialism. We can hardly conceive of a story, written by one who is evidently a highly-educated man, less exhilarating than *Freeland*. Yet so eager are people to turn from what exists to the consideration of an impossible picture of the unreal that we should be sorry to say that it will not be widely read. It is Utopian, it is Socialist, it is humanitarian, it is dull; a novel that combines all these qualities can nowadays scarcely lack an enthusiastic audience.

We have hardly ever met with a more curious instance of what Nathaniel Hawthorne calls "the error of supposing that this age, more than any past or future one, is destined to see the tattered garments of Antiquity exchanged for a new suit, instead

* *Freeland: a Social Anticipation.* By Dr. Theodor Hertzka. Translated by Arthur Ransom. London: Chatto & Windus.

XUM

of gradually renewing themselves by patchwork, or of applying one's own little life-span as the measure of an interminable achievement." The author, Dr. Theodor Hertzka, is an Austrian journalist and economist of some distinction. He is said, in his own country, to belong to "the Manchester school," a phrase which has ceased to be applicable to existing economists in England, and which it is a little difficult to understand as descriptive of a German. But we may take it as representing extreme Radical views—peace at any price, Free-trade pushed to an extreme, the Manchester theories of forty years ago—combined with the present convictions of non-anarchical sections of Continental Socialists. In 1886 Dr. Hertzka published an ambitious volume, *Die Gesetze der Socialentwickelung* ("The Laws of Social Development"), in which he laid down what may be called the Conservative view that, as he puts it, "the interest of capital was a postulate of progress which would survive all the phases of evolution."

He is now convinced that this was an error, and he has written *Freiland* ("Freeland"), which appeared in Germany last year, in order to give circulation to his modified conception of political economics. He has the firmest conviction of the value of his discoveries, and he thinks that his romance will be as epoch-making as was the *Nova Atlantis* of Bacon, to which he courageously compares it. We trust it is not flippant to say that, if Bacon had been writing on economical science in 1891, he would certainly have adopted a current form more agreeable and less sleep-compelling than that of *Freeland*. The book is very long and very wordy; and as it seems to be approaching its close the fatigued reader suddenly finds that the entire remainder of the volume, occupying a fourth of the whole story, is simply a report of a six days' discussion of a "social congress met in the large hall of the Eden Vale National Palace." These "official minutes," as they are called, we confess that we have not read. Wild horses, a prize in money at the close of each ten pages, public reciters with the voices of bulbuls, sweetmeats, all the known varieties of attraction through which the unwilling are wheedled into performing unwelcome tasks, would equally fail to make us read this lengthy discussion. Even if it had really been uttered by bold, bad men in congress assembled we should skip it; and as every word of it is merely evolved out of the imagination of Dr. Hertzka, we absolutely decline to be bothered with it.

The other three-quarters of *Freeland* may be read by any one, at all events by a reviewer. A number of men of various nationalities meet together at the Hague to discuss how a practical attempt can be made "to solve the social problem." They determine to secure a large tract of land in a territory at present unappropriated, but fertile and well adapted for colonization. "The capital for production shall be furnished to the producers without interest out of the revenue of the community, but it must be reimbursed by the producers." These persons found a society, and without having laid any definite project before the public, without having discussed their plans, and without giving any guarantee of any kind, are supported by public donations to the precise amount of 205,620*l*. This will seem very good satire to many countrymen of the gold-compelling "General" Booth, but does not appear to be meant to be funny by Dr. Hertzka. Having amassed all this money from the credulous and enthusiastic friends of Socialism, the founder of the scheme, one Dr. Strahl, announces that the suitable district has been discovered. The new Socialistic State will be founded in the mountain district of Kenia, east of the Victoria Nyanza, in Equatorial Africa.

The advance upon Kenia need not delay us, although it delays the reader through many chapters. It is pure *Swiss Family Robinson*. Not a single thing goes wrong; no one is ill, no arrangement fails, every delicacy of the season appears the moment that there is need of it. The pioneers pass through armies of the fiercest warriors, but not a single fatality occurs. There are two glorious Amazons, of course—Clara, the sister of the narrator, and Miss Ellen Fox, who perform miracles of intrepidity, and never undergo the smallest inconvenience from the climate. The expedition reaches the Kenia district without a hitch, followed by the blessings of European politicians, and the universal congratulations of the press. The expedition proceeds to do everything which has never been done in Africa before. It "opens out an inexhaustible source of very valuable motive power" by taming thousands of elephants, although African elephants have hitherto been found untameable. It trains ostriches, giraffes, and buffaloes to undertake domestic labour; it "initiates the Swahili into the mysteries of French cookery," and it grafts the fancy of Mr. Rider Haggard on the theories of John Stuart Mill. At last, and still without a single hitch, or failure, or accident occurring at any point, the faultless state of Freeland is created.

We must not linger over the author's description of the creation of the city of Eden or of the foundation of a great Socialist, but not Communist, power in the heart of Africa. These chapters of the romance are carried out with great elaboration of detail, and have evidently cost the author a vast amount of pains. The necessity of exemplifying his theories, and of applying, in Hawthorne's phrase, his "own little life-span as the measure of an interminable achievement," has made Dr. Hertzka do violence to any probability, nay, to all possibility, in the haste and the perfect smoothness with which the greatness of Freeland is accomplished. The examples of Liberia, of Napoléon-Vendée, of recent American settlements, ought to be enough to warn the Austrian enthusiast that it needs more than a determination to found a colony to make a colony flourish. His Freeland in the Equatorial Alps grows, as the Temple did, without any sound of axe or hammer.

> Silently, like a dream, the fabric rose;

but this is not the way for which the Congo State or the French experiments in Senegambia have led us to be prepared. Dr. Hertzka needs a wolf in his pastoral. His romance has altogether too much of the *Swiss Family Robinson* perfection. Not a person out of his hundreds of thousands is ever killed, not a native warrior or a European infant is ever hurt, not a delicate female nor a careless engineer succumbs to the climate, not an invention fails, not a mode of production is found disappointing. We will give one instance of this diverting optimism. When the city of Eden is built, it lies at first open to the forest. The consequence is that a mad rhinoceros charges down the main street, and into a courtyard where the school-children are at play. The reader, satiated with the bloodless serenity of the story and its absolute innocuousness, now congratulates himself. Several of these innocents will surely be sacrificed. True enough, a little girl is tossed by the infuriated monster, although all the rest enjoy a miraculous escape. We turn the page, refreshed by this timely fatality, and presently throw the book from us with disgust. The little girl was picked up, frightened, but absolutely unhurt.

Dr. Hertzka has formed an idea of a country in which land and the means of production accumulated by the community should be the equal property of all the inhabitants; where those who are unable to work shall have a right to a proportionate maintenance; where the individual will shall be absolutely unshackled until its exercise infringes upon the rights of others; and where the Government shall be Democratic to the extreme and conducted by elected departments. There is nothing, it will be admitted, very novel, and nothing in the least degree epoch-making, about this proposal. In the working out of the scheme, and particularly in the endeavour to strip it of priggish elements, the author has shown a great deal of ingenuity. He has felt that most Utopias are merely little States where the virtuous exercise an intolerably cruel tyranny over those who are less advanced and more human than themselves. This, indeed, seems to us to be the least absurd side of *Freeland*, that it does admit the right of human beings to act less rigorously up to the Young Men's Christian Association standard than is usual with these efforts of a pedantic fancy. But the picture of life which it proposes is just as insipid, just as unsatisfactory, and just as incredibly uncomfortable as any other which has been presented to a restless generation. Personally, we hope we shall be dead before these dreams of a dreadful millennium are realized. We have no wish to see the whole world sit down in a clean pinafore to eat bread and butter and sing hymns to Progress.

MINOR HUMOURISTS.*

THERE is, it appears, a draughtsman who draws humorous pictures under the pseudonym of "Cynicus," and who is believed by himself and a circle of enthusiastic admirers to be a satirical artist of no mean powers. "Really remarkable series . . . mental and artistic qualities . . . fierce hatred of conventions . . . a real touch of insight, a startling profusion of ideas . . . spice of Gilray's vigorous, direct, brutally frank methods . . . wield the tomahawk, the bludgeon, the scalping-knife, or the cutting whip . . . singularly various . . . mastery of line . . . felicity of suggestion . . . balanced but spontaneous union of vigour with absolute simplicity . . . mordant satire . . . that ideality without which— . . . caricaturist of very high rank . . ."—these are some of the gems of criticism, not all of them from the humblest sort of critic either, which "Cynicus" has thought it advisable to circulate along with what is apparently his second picture-book. They are quoted here not in order to demonstrate the partiality of the critics or the advertising capacity of the artist, but because it is conceivable that some people may more or less agree with them. Nothing is more rash than to assert that because a picture, play, or book which is not atrociously bad has failed to amuse A, B, and C, it will therefore not amuse X, Y, or Z. "Cynicus" can draw rather well, and, as far as his outlines go, is frequently expressive, with the sort of expressiveness of which Mr. Randolph Caldecott was rightly acknowledged to be master. In this volume he publishes about two hundred sketches, a few whole-page, a few six to the page, and the residue between the two. We have carefully inspected them all, and have not found any of them in the least amusing. The "mordant satire," as far as this volume is concerned, appears to us to be the figment of a friendly brain. Almost all the sketches are moderately spirited and more than moderately vulgar. Some people may be amused by a picture of a very ugly baby with its mouth open, called "Her First Bawl." Others may find entertainment (or instruction) in the spectacle of a fence breaking and the fall of two children seated upon it, or of a policeman caught in a booby-trap. A very fat monk embracing a very plump nun may excite the mirth of some, and two policemen

* *The Humours of Cynicus.* Published at his Studio. London: 1891.
The Parson and the Painter; their Wanderings and Excursions among Men and Women. Written by the Rev. Joseph Slapkins, Author of "The Tale of a Horse" &c. Illustrated by Charlie Summers. London: Haddon & Co. 1891.

carrying a half-dressed virago to the station on a stretcher, described as "The Transit of Venus," may be food for the merriment of others. We are not of them, and do not regret it. Every picture has a legend, and nearly every legend contains a pun. The favourite pun of "Cynicus" is that on the double meaning of the word "spirit," and it is unquestionably a poor thing. Another which he uses more than once is that the point of which lies in the identity of the sounds "mail" and "male." And the others are like unto them. One thing that is indubitable about these sketches is that they are all "comic"—with the comedy of *Ally Sloper*, though with better draughtsmanship. No single one has in it the smallest touch of grace, beauty, elegance, or even prettiness. They are said to be "coloured by hand." If so, the hand that coloured them is to be congratulated upon an amazingly close imitation of the cheaper kinds of "process." It is a great mistake to have coloured them at all. The whole merit of them is in the outline, all the surfaces being left simply plain, without any indication at all. As pen-and-ink sketches (without shading) they would show a considerable talent for drawing, and might amuse anybody who is habitually amused by the simplest sort of "practical jokes."

An appalling paper volume reaches us under the title of *The Parson and the Painter*. The letterpress is more appalling than the pictures, because, though many of the latter are almost as ugly as they are vulgar and insipid, others show a good deal of skill in the use of the pencil. It is, however, skill which is getting to be rather common nowadays, and is a cross between the school of Mr. Harry Furniss and that of the illustrators of *Le Journal Amusant* and its likes. The letterpress seems to have been contributed to some periodical publication, and is of a kind to make humanitarians weep, and Humanitarians abandon their substitute for a creed. It deals almost exclusively with the queer little circle of people whose names fill the columns of the sporting-comic press, and who probably have some real existence, and may possibly be heard of at some of the five or six pot-houses which the same organs industriously advertise. The story of *The Parson and the Painter* is the usual description of the proceedings of people who pretend to pass their lives in going from pot-house to music-hall, and from music-hall to pot-house, and to be daily too drunk to have any clear recollection of anything that happens after 3 P.M. It is worth noticing that both "Cynicus" and the writer calling himself "The Rev. Joseph Slapkins" consider that it is particularly amusing to represent ministers of religion disgracing themselves by peculiarly indecorous conduct. The idea is not new, and if anybody likes to call it "mordant satire," there is very little harm in his doing so.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF EDWARD VI.*

THIS volume, printed from the MS. Registers of the Privy Council, covers the period from April 19, 1550, to March 24, 1552, during which the Duke of Somerset, late Protector, fought and lost his last battle with his rival Dudley, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland. "It is, however, remarkable," says the editor in his preface, "what slight indications are given us in the Register of the incidents of this struggle, which was so soon to end in the execution of the King's uncle." But it is seldom that official documents throw a direct light upon a struggle between two political rivals; and the "slight indications," to which the reader is carefully guided by Mr. Dasent, seem quite as much as could be expected. Even when Somerset's influence was on the wane, his colleagues resented any premature interference of the vulgar; for under the 5th of August, 1550, we read:—"A lettre to the Maiour of London to sett Roger Preston on the Pillarie for speaking of lewde wordes by the Duke of Somerset, and aftre to cutt of his eares." The pillory, frequently with accompanying loss of one or both ears, was a favourite method of coercion, inflicted, as it would seem, at the pleasure of the Council. It seems hard that one Nicholas Rowte should be pilloried, lose one ear, and receive "an admonission to beware hereafter of the lyke lewdenes," merely for disrespectful speech "abowte the utteraunce of a peece of six pence by John Ayellerde in an alehowse in Crivendishe." But probably his "lewde wordes" conveyed some reflection upon the higher powers for their dealings with the coinage—dealings which were certainly open to animadversion. Upon the subject of the following entry, one would like to know more:—

> A lettre to Nicolas Rande, Mayour of Northampton, and Fraunces Morgan, to examin whether the song that they have enformed was song by William Tomson was of his awne making; and in caase it be so found, to cause hym to be set on the Pillorie and cause both his eares to be cut of; and in caase the said song shall appere to be of others doing, then to send the sayd Tomson up hither to be farther examined.

The song that William Tomson sang would be an interesting contribution to the history of political poetry; but the Register-book gives us no assistance towards recovering it, and throws no further light upon the fate of the minstrel. Examination before the Privy Council might be as bad or worse than the pillory, for torture was within its resources. Three entries in the volume refer to the employment of this method, or at least to the threat of it. On the 15th August, 1550, we have:—

> A lettre to Mr. Robsert and Mr. Fermour to make yet further searche for the money alledged by Haldesworthe [who had recently been executed at York] to be hidde in Fowlkes house, and to examyne the said Fowlkes eftsones, putting him in feare of torment.

Later on, March 5, 1551, we find a somewhat similar entry:—

> A lettre to Sir Anthony Hungerforde, that towchinge the suspicion of Reede for the robberies committed in those parties, thei shall proceede agaynst him by the lawe, onlesse he be afrayed of bearing in that behalf; in which case he shall advertise and order shalbe given that he may be sent up hither to be put to tornement.

The last of these entries refers to men of more importance than Reede, the suspected robber, or Fowlkes, the alleged receiver. Sir Arthur Darcie, Lieutenant of the Tower, is bidden

> to suffer certaine Commissioners newly allotted to thexaminacion of the prisoners within the sayed Tower, . . . to have accesse unto them when and as often as they shall think convenient; and further to be assisting to the sayd Commissioners for the putting the prisoners, or any of them, to such tortours as they shall think expedient.

These prisoners were alleged accomplices of the once all-powerful Duke of Somerset, now himself a prisoner in the Tower, and soon to be led to the block. No notice of his trial or of his execution appears on the Register, but on the last day of his life there is entered a warrant for paying to Sir Philip Hobby 40*l.*, "for so muche by hym delyvered to the Duke of Somerset to bestowe in alms." There are indications of the fallen man's popularity, and of the prevailing system of delation, in the depositions of one Thomas Long of Bath, baker, who comes before the Lords of the Council to tell how, on the report of the Duke's acquittal, Matthew Colthurst made bonfires in the city of Bath, distributed bread and drink, and paid to have the bells rung; "and the next day after his man went abowt the citie and gave ij*d.* dole to poore people, where he never gave j*d.* in his lyef before." One Thomas Holland, too, had rashly ventured on political prophecy, saying, "Thow shalt se another worlde er Candlemas; the Duke of Somerset shall cumme forth of the Tower, and the Duke of Northumberland shall goo in." As to the ordinary treatment of prisoners, in the case of those of distinction, as the editor observes, "care seems to have been taken to preserve their health so far as was possible." A glimpse of what the poorer and more obscure sort might have to endure is afforded by the grim entry:—

> Lettre to —— to suffer one Sherman, having his leg rotting of from his bodie, to be conveyed to the Spittell howse for the cure thereof, he putting in sufficient sureties to retorne as a prisonner agayn when the same shalbe hole.

The most important passages in the book are those recounting the spirited struggle of the Lady Mary with the Council on the question of having mass said in her house. These, however, are in substance already well known, and have so often been quoted that we will not repeat them. Of much interest, also, are the proceedings with regard to Bishops Gardiner, Heath, and Day. The last-named, it will be remembered, had revolted against the order to take down the altars and set up tables, and it is noteworthy that the Council, while insisting on the removal of the ancient altars, offered him the small consolation of calling the new tables an altar if he liked. "And touchinge the naminge of the table an aulter it was left indifferent to him so to name it, bicause auncyent writers somme tyme call that table an aulter." Nevertheless Day "persevered in the pertinacie of his owne singuler opinion," and consequently was committed to the Fleet, and eventually deprived. Students of the Elizabethan drama will be interested in the notices of the sentences passed upon Alice Arden, or Ardein, and the other murderers of "one Ardein of Faversham," as he is described by the editor, with scant regard for the dignity of a man who became the subject of a tragedy so powerful that some critics have attributed it to the youthful Shakspeare. Arden's guilty wife was sentenced, as the play duly records, to be burned at Canterbury; and death at the stake was also the doom of another woman concerned, Elizabeth Staforde. Mr. Dasent, comparing these sentences with the similar one upon Joan Bocher for heresy, remarks, "it is to be noted that it was the practice in the case of women to employ this mode of punishment in capital crimes." This statement should surely be limited to certain classes of capital crime; for, as he himself has observed, it was only "some of the women" concerned in Arden's murder who were thus sentenced. Alice Arden was burned because she was not merely a murderess, but had incurred the further guilt of petit treason by murdering her lord and husband. Elizabeth Staforde's position is not indicated; but the fact that she was burned, while a third accomplice, "Sisley Pounder, widowe," was only hanged, suggests that she may have stood in the relation of servant to the murdered man.

Much may be gathered from these pages as to the financial difficulties of the Government. The editor comments upon "the extravagant scale on which presents and rewards, both of plate and money," were made to foreign ambassadors and envoys at a time when the necessities of the Government were driving it to such shifts as tearing off the gold and silver "garnyture" of the Mass-books in the King's library, of coining Cornish tin, and even of keeping back the pittances of the Poor Knights of Windsor. On the whole, a perusal of this volume does not increase one's

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* *Acts of the Privy Council of England.* New Series. Vol. III., A.D. 1550–1552. Edited by John Roche Dasent, Barrister-at-Law, M.A. Christ Church, Oxford, an Examiner in the Education Department of the Privy Council Office. Published by direction of the Lord President of the Council. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.; Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. 1891.

admiration for the once-belauded reign of the young Josiah of Protestantism. But the believers in small holdings may, perhaps, feel some tenderness for a Government which, as an entry of August 26, 1551, shows, committed a certain John Broxolme to the Fleet "for ingrossing of farmes."

PRAYER-BOOK OF THE HEBREW CONGREGATIONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.*

THE publication of the *Authorized Daily Prayer-Book* in Hebrew and English (issued through the munificence of a Jewish lady at one shilling) is of some importance in the history of Judaism in this country. It is in a convenient form, similar to that of an elegant Church Service, the bulky contents of Baer's *Abodath Ysrael*, on which this *siddûr* is based, having been reduced to a moderate size chiefly by the omission of repetitions. A few prayers for special occasions are the work of the late and present chief Rabbis; the rest of the book is made up of materials dating from very distant periods, for the history of which the reader must go elsewhere. Each of the epochs through which the religion of the Jews has passed has left its traces in their liturgy. There are portions of it which go back to the service of the second Temple, and others perhaps as old as the first Temple, but the scholastic Judaism of the middle ages would seem to have given it its most permeating flavour. "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast not made me a slave," the second of the preliminary benedictions, was appropriate at a time when the institution of slavery was universal; and the first and third of these benedictions, "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast not made me a Gentile" (Mr. Singer's translation "heathen" is a euphemism), and "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast not made me a woman," represent, we may believe, anachronisms of thought There are grounds for retaining liturgical formulæ unaltered long after the mode of thought whence they originated has been transformed, and the ordinary worshippers need no more mentally assent to these opinions than he is bound to follow accurately the metaphysical description of the Deity with which the liturgy commences. The few outsiders, it must be added, who will consult this book in order to learn from it what Judaism is like will rarely meet in it with anything calculated to impress them unfavourably. Mr. Singer's translation is throughout accurate and happy, and his statement that no pains have been spared to render the work of permanent value is evidently true.

BOOKS ON IRELAND.†

FORTY years ago a popular Life of Father Mathew would not have been wanted in one sense; twenty years ago it would not have been wanted in another; to-day it is fairly timely. The apostle of temperance was quite a different apostle from some we have seen. His principal object was to make intemperate people temperate; their principal object is to make temperate people uncomfortable. He wanted to save Ireland from her sins; they want to thrust their fads down other people's throats. Not that Father Mathew himself can be counted among the wholly wise. Not only was he far too much a man of one idea, not only was the recklessness which led him into expenses he could not meet quite as legitimate an example of "intemperance" (which simply means lack of self-command and forethought) as the wildest instances of indulgence in "jugs"; but the extremely evanescent character of the movement he produced stamps its character and the character of its promoter. Appealing only to enthusiasm and excitement, he made all Ireland sober for a year or two, only to see it as drunken as ever soon afterwards. But none the less was he a very remarkable person. In the first place, he was a gentleman, not merely by extraction and connexions, but in thought, ways, and manner. In the second place, he was wholly without the pride of the agitator, whether secret or open, and was utterly simple without being at all a fool (as to which see the last story that Mr. Mathew tells of him). He had, indeed, as we should expect, many of the weaknesses of the philanthropist, especially of the philanthropist of the first half of this century. He wanted capital punishment abolished, fruit-trees planted by the wayside for people to eat the fruit (Mr. Mathew shrewdly enough asks how much of this would be allowed to get ripe), and so forth. We are the more glad to recognize the biographer's intelligence here, in that he himself has some sillinesses about the French Revolution and the Irish famine—as if there were any possible comparison between insufficiently carried out relief measures and a *noyade*! But, though given to divagation, and not always wise, he has done his work by no means ill.

Mr. Pooler has done a rather difficult and by no means useless task, on the whole, with judgment, learning, and good taste. Brief histories of long periods and large subjects are always exposed to the difficulty that, if the writer writes a general essay he fails to inform the ignorant, and that if he enters into detail he has very hard work to choose between the details which are necessary and the details which are not. On the whole, Mr. Pooler has steered his course fairly between these. Perhaps he is a little too anxious to make things pleasant all round; but this is done at no sacrifice of real principle. We are sorry to see in this, as in some other books published in Ireland, the hideous practice of inserting advertisements (not loose leaflets, which is bad enough, but fastened sheets) in the text. No publisher who respects himself should do such a thing, nor should any author in the same case permit it.

We noticed Mme. de Bovet's work on Ireland when it first appeared in French, and we need say little about the translation by Mrs. Arthur Hayter, except that it is well done and fairly illustrated. We believe Nationalists are very angry with the French traveller, which is an excellent instance of the fact that it is impossible to please them. Mme. de Bovet, it is true, is an honest traveller, who tells some home truths; but if her observation is on the side of the accursed Saxon, her prejudices are quite against him. She even mentions with approval the remark of "a very intelligent coachman" (perhaps a kinsman as well as a craftsfellow of "Skin-the-goat"), who drove her across the estate of "a very good landlord," that it is "opposed to all equity that the welfare of hundreds of families should depend upon the good will of a master given them by chance." "By chance" is good. What would Mme. de Bovet have said if the very intelligent coachman had stopped in a lonely place, produced a shillelagh from the well, and said, "Madame, it is opposed to all equity that your purse should be full of those sovereigns given you by chance, which I saw just now when you opened it, and my pocket be empty"? By the bones of St. Patrick and the virginity of St. Bridget, we can see no difference!

The I. L. P. U. volume for last year contains nothing so telling as the immortal collection of testimonies by Mr. O'Brien and the rest as to the morality of Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan; but there is plenty of good matter. The principal contents consist of a verbatim reprint of the Report of the Parnell Commission, a useful collection of forty letters from Mr. Balfour and Mr. Wyndham labelled "Lies and Replies," and an account of Mr. Balfour's tour in Connemara and Donegal. Of these, the "Lies and Replies" are the most amusing and not the least important. There is the usual careful and well-arranged index.

THE HISTORY OF SANQUHAR.*

THE Scotch Radical, it has been observed by politicians, differs in some important respects from the English ultra-Liberal. The Scotchman knows where to stop. He is very determined in his particular aims and in the means he employs to carry them out. But he is not perpetually starting new schemes, nor does he consider the goal of yesterday to be the point of departure for to-morrow. Unless we do Mr. Brown an injustice, we conclude that his sympathies are with the democracy of to-day. He has a fine healthy contempt for the good old feudal times. He writes more than once about cruel mediæval barons and the slaves or bondsmen who were entirely at the mercy of their Over-lord. He condemns the exclusive landlordism of modern times, which would deprive the public of access to glens and ravines, the common "heritage of humanity." He relates with evident satisfaction the firm stand which the Provost of the burgh, with a company of foot, made against the Old Pretender's forces in 1715. And he, not unjustly, denounces the constitution of the Councils of royal burghs, which previous to 1832 were self-elected bodies, and chose their members of Parliament with a sovereign contempt for the wishes of ordinary citizens. Yet in the greater part of the work this ebullient Radicalism is kept fairly under control. Occasionally insulted Conservatism re-asserts its natural rights. There is more than once a tribute paid to the late Duke of Buccleuch, and to that nobleman's kindly treatment of his very numerous farmers. Mr. Brown laments the disuse of the old plaid by the shepherds and the substitution of the cheap waterproof coat of our own days. In fact, the perusal of old charters, the sight of ruined fortresses, and the tenacity with which strange customs retain their hold on the community, have all tended to lessen the author's indignation of the old times of "rugging and reiving." He admits, moreover, that after all Scotchmen in the last century and down to 1830 or so were not so very miserable, when weaving was the chief employment, when cottars and farmers remained in the same place for generations, when wages were supplemented by payments in kind and by divers other easements, when the most stirring incident of a twelvemonth was the arrival of the showman and the pedlar, and when the idea of direct and open antagonism between capital and labour had not yet been entertained. While we discern a strong local colouring in many of the chapters, there

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* *The Authorized Daily Prayer-Book of the United Hebrew Congregations of the British Empire.* With a new Translation, by the Rev. S. Singer. Published under the Sanction of the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler. Second edition. London: Wertheimer, Lea, & Co. 5651=1891.

† *Father Mathew: his Life and Times.* By F. J. Mathew. London: Cassell. 1891.

A Short History of the Church of Ireland. By Rev. L. A. Pooler. Belfast: Olley. 1891.

Three Months' Tour in Ireland. By Madame de Bovet. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

I. L. P. U. Pamphlets and Leaflets, 1890. London. 1891.

* *The History of Sanquhar.* By James Brown, Burgh Assessor, Author of "The History of the Sanquhar Curling Society." To which is added "The Flora and Fauna of the District," by Dr. Anstruther Davidson. Dumfries: Anderson & Son; Edinburgh and Glasgow: Menzies & Co. 1891.

is much that throws light on the general condition of Scotland for the last four centuries; and with the exception of some third-rate poetry and some pointless stories, a great deal in the volume ought to be read with interest by Highlander or Lowlander far and near.

On the constitution, privileges, and powers of Scottish burghs Mr. Brown writes with accuracy and fulness. There are burghs of regality, burghs free, burghs of barony, and Royal burghs. We confess to a little uneasiness as to the precise distinction between the first and the last kind. But Sanquhar which in 1485 was created a burgh of barony was advanced to the dignity of a Royal burgh in 1598, and several pages are very properly devoted to an explanation of the criminal jurisdiction of the magistrates, of the privileges of the Council, of the administration of the burgh lands, of the monopoly of trade, and of edifying disputes either with the officers of the town or with neighbouring proprietors. Coupled with advantages and privileges, the burgh had its responsibilities and burdens. The Convention, in which Sanquhar was duly represented, made a grant of 20,000*l.* (Scots) to James V. on his visit to France. A sum of 10,000*l.* was voted to Queen Mary on her marriage with the Dauphin. And grants were given for the support of diplomatists and ambassadors abroad. With the ancient terms of Pit and Gallows, Infangthieff and Outfangthieff, readers of Scott ought to be familiar. About the exact meaning of *Thol* or *Thole* authorities differ. It has been supposed to mean exemption from duty or toll; but one learned antiquarian holds that it signifies not the exemption, but the right to tax goods in transit. If the latter interpretation be correct, the tolls were very similar to the old *Sayer* and *Rahdari* exactions in Bengal. Another curious word, *Them* or *Theme*, is explained as a pledge for the recovery of stolen goods. In an old ballad which describes the vengeance exacted by Crichton, the Lord of Sanquhar, on a noted freebooter, Johnstone of Annandale, we find a curious anticipation of a phrase of Lord Beaconsfield:—

> And when they came to the Well path head
> The Crichtons bade them "Light and lead."

But this only means that the followers of the chief were to "dismount and give battle." Four great families are spoken of as having ruled in Sanquhar and Nithsdale, the Edgars, the Rosses, the Crichtons, and the Douglases. The third family is now represented by the Marquess of Bute to whom the work is dedicated; but the most influential landlord is, of course, the Duke of Buccleuch. The little finger of the Sanquhar Council was sometimes as thick at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century as the loins of the lords of Elliock or Drumlanrig. Heavy dues were put on cattle and goods brought to or taken out of the burgh till very recent times, and the activity of one James Black, the town officer, in exacting the last farthing from all traders and customers is specially commended. In one instance this worthy person was foiled by a canny farmer. Salt, amongst other articles, was taxed when it was one hundredweight, and not less. The vigilant officer claimed the usual due from a carter who had just loaded his cart with salt of the taxable weight. The man quietly opened his bag, and scattered a handful of salt in the street, with the remark, "There, it's no a hundredweight *noo*."

It is not probable that the game of curling south of the Tweed will ever become as popular as golf. The climate is against it. In Scotland every town of any pretensions and even small hamlets have their curling ponds. They are easily formed by damming up a burn, so as, in winter, to flood a couple of acres or more with water four or five feet in depth. Mr. Brown, with national pride, gives the history of the Sanquhar Curling Club for one hundred and twenty years and its victory, after a crushing defeat, over the rival club of New Cumnock. It is admitted, however, that Sanquhar was only enabled to retrieve its lost character by calling in the veterans of the neighbouring village of Wanlockhead. To the uninitiated the terms in use in a game of curling present nearly as much difficulty as a corrupt passage in a chorus of the *Supplices*. Perhaps some of the leading features may be grasped from the account given by one George Fingland, a perfect master of the craft, who related to the author how, in the first disastrous game against the party from New Cumnock, he had been one of the three rinks that escaped being "harried" by the victors. "I played," said this Pilch or Parr of Curlers, "Seventh stane to auld Black. We stood 20 to 20, and New Cumnock lay shot afore the tee, but no very close, only it was guarded. It was my turn to play, and Black, after looking all round the tee, put down his besom on a spot exactly opposite the tee, and cried, 'George, d'ye see my besom?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Then,' said Black, 'if ye lie juist there, ye'll be shot.' Noo, it was water frae tee to tee, and gey deep at the ends. I had an eight and thirty pun stane, a hodden grey, and gey dour. Craigdarroch was playing wi' us, and he had a big birk besom. Juist when I was gaun to play, he said, 'Wait a wee, George, and I'll break the water for ye.' He started frae the hog, and came down the middle of the rink, dashing the water tae richt and left, and I stood ready. When he cam near he said, 'Noo, George;' and in a moment I threw the stane ahint me, got a gran' delivery, and sent it away wi' a' my micht. It gaed scouring up through the water, and landed exactly opposite the tee, aichteen inches gleyt—shot—and game; for no ane of them could pit it oot."

We add some explanatory remarks. The tee is the spot or goal at the end of each rink, usually marked by a halfpenny deposited on the ice; one tee is distant from the other one yard less than the distance between two wickets. There are four players to each rink or team of players, and in big matches there may be fifteen or twenty rinks in a game. The object of each side is to get as near the tee as possible, and to keep out all opponents. The aim of the opponent is to dislodge the stone shot near the tee. The term shot is expressive, not of failure but of success. The besom or broom is put in requisition when, owing to a partial thaw, the ice is an inch or two deep in water, and the skip or captain of the rink can call to his followers to sweep the ice before each curler delivers his stone. The stone, highly polished and smooth, may be of any weight, from thirty to thirty-eight pounds. It has a handle, which the novice is instructed to grip exactly as he would shake hands with a friend. "The thumb of the person instructed thrust in betwixt the thumb and forefinger of the examinator or instructor signifies 'running a port.' The little finger linked with the little finger of the said instructor means an 'in-ring.'" The curler is admonished to play, much as a young cricketer is told to keep his right foot steady, his left shoulder forward, and his bat straight, by the following verse:—

> If you'd be a curler keen,
> Stand right, look even,
> Sole well, shoot straight, and sweep clean.

To "sole" is to send the stone properly along the ice, and some curlers have the art of making their stone turn and twist as it gets near the tee, very much as a bowler causes his balls to break when they pitch. Awkward or unlucky shooters who cannot accomplish a single "shot," are said to be "soutered." So great is the excitement on these occasions that the sum of one splendid shilling has been awarded to the callant who should run from the curling loch to the town with intelligence of the result of a contest. And on one occasion the vanquished curlers were received by their townsfolk with "a perfect storm of groans and hisses," while the small number of the "shots" gained by each was found, next morning, chalked on his doorpost. Curling clubs have not been always peaceful. There is a startling announcement in a Minute of the Sanquhar Society that one Walter McTurk, a surgeon, was expelled for calling his brethren "a pack of d—d scoundrels." Apparently the members were of a forgiving nature or else the offending doctor found means to pacify his former colleagues, for six years afterwards he was chosen *preses* of the club.

There are divers other chapters about the improvement of agriculture, the exploration for coal, ecclesiastical regulations, brickmaking, engineering, and the sufferings of the Covenanters, with which much pains have been taken. We must inform Mr. Brown, however, that one of the numerous foreigners, who in the war with Napoleon were allowed to live at Sanquhar on parole, did not, as the author thinks, write his own name in 1812 on a rock in that pleasant resort the Holm Walks. He may have carved thereon the two Italian words *Luogo di Delizia*, but what he meant to convey was that the Walk was a charming spot.

NARCISSUS POETICUS.*

POSSIBLY the flower here selected to typify the young person of whose book-bills Mr. Le Gallienne renders an account may not be the best choice that could be made of a large and elegant family. Another there is, the two-flowered variety, that might more happily symbolize the dual personality of Mr. Le Gallienne's Narcissus, in its upward and celestial, its lower and mundane flowers. It is the truest mark, however, of artistic work that such questions should be suggested and remain undecided by the author. No one would pretend to say in what ways and to what extent Mr. Le Gallienne, as a reminiscent biographer, sympathizes with the foibles of his Narcissus. With all its digressions and appeals to the gentle reader, his book is a study of character, a study of the spiritual growth and evolution of a poetic young gentleman whose many charms proved irresistible with certain booksellers and other young persons. The portraiture is delicately wrought. The pleasant touches of humour or pathos, the little strokes of irony are so blended, that you cannot detect any positive evidence of moral judgment, even when censure may seem to be implied. The whole record, in short, is harmonized, and artist and work are as one. The deliberate quaintness of style, as of a new Euphues, or a Euphues with something of the poetic grace of the old and a manner that is his own, is in perfect agreement with the theme. Not from old diaries or letters, but from old accounts with booksellers, does Mr. Le Gallienne revive the buried youth of Narcissus:—"Lo! I would perform an incantation. I throw these old leaves into the *elixir vitæ* of sweet memory, as Dr. Heidegger that old rose into his wonderful crystal water." This alchemic process is decidedly successful. Narcissus among the booksellers is the first of a series of agreeable pictures. With fine audacity he, an apprentice with the smallest of means, would obtain rare first editions on credit. Then would he, sighing for the cost of them, proceed to pawn them under pressure, "because there was hope of getting them back sometime that way." But he found the brokers very different from the booksellers, and books, in the way of pawning, "worse than dress clothes." Of course he was always in debt. "Had

* *The Book-Bills of Narcissus.* An Account rendered by Richard le Gallienne. Derby, Leicester, and Nottingham: Frank Murray. 1891.

you reproached him," says his sympathetic biographer, "he would probably have retorted, with a toss of his vain young head, 'Well, and so was Shelley!'" Surely, that is a delightful observation. To vary the old satiric verse, "Le monde est plein de Narcisses," though not quite so full as to justify the whole insinuation—

et qui n'en veut pas voir
Doit se tenir seul et casser son miroir.

Narcissus, as Mr. Le Gallienne shows, arrived at this crisis in his development; but the breaking was effected in another fashion. "Samuel Dale once described him as 'Shelley with a chin,'" which proves, by the way, that bookseller Dale held erroneous notions. It might be expected that Narcissus, gifted with so noble a taste for rare books, should acknowledge their early influence. He was, we rejoice to know, superior to the absurdity, possibly not invented in his time, of the "hundred best books." But he had his "Sibylline books," and very curious and instructive is his testimony to their virtue. It is touching to find, among books that had helped him, Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, Sir Edwin Arnold's poetry, *Zanoni*, and "Mrs. Browning's great *Aurora Leigh*." On first reading this spiritual testament of Narcissus, Mr. Le Gallienne, as he gravely records, "felt some surprise" at finding no mention of Mr. Pater, or Thoreau, or *Sartor Resartus*, or Browning. But a little reflection enabled him to account for these omissions, and his explanation, if a trifle too subtle, is extremely ingenious.

The spiritual progress of Narcissus was marked by more phases than the moon's. For long, through faiths and unfaiths he did range, and only constant was to constant change. Father Ignatius was one of his "spiritual pastors," it would seem, and of the poetry of Mr. Oscar Wilde he was once enamoured. "He learned to conjugate 'agnosco' and be at peace," and then he became "an agnostic with a faith"; which shows that, if his motives were pure, his knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages was mixed. He had his "mad enthusiasms." Ever earnest and sincere was he, in his Jacobitism as in his occultism. The amusing account of his conversion to Buddhism, the esoteric variety, leads us to suppose he might have become a Mahatma, had he chosen, but for the slow undermining of a broader philosophy. There is an affecting description of his Jacobite oration at a literary club, which we would give in full if our wish were less than to incite to the study of Mr. Le Gallienne's book. However, "Narcissus rose with the air of a condemned Strafford, and with all his boyish armoury of eloquence and scorn, fought over again the long lost battle, hiss and groan falling unheeded into the stream of his young voice. But vain, vain!—hard is the Hanoverian heart in boy, as in man, and all thy glowing periods were in vain—vain as, your peroration told us, 'was the blood of gallant hearts shed on Culloden's field.'" Galileo with his "*e pur si muove*" was not more sublime; Disraeli with his "The time will come" was not more confident and gallant of bearing—such is Mr. Le Gallienne's comment on this great occasion, in which we regretfully note what has been called "the disgusting mixture of you and thou." If Narcissus was "Shelley with a chin," he was undoubtedly like the real Shelley in his capacity for illusions. With the admirable impartiality that distinguishes his record of Narcissus, Mr. Le Gallienne admits that this susceptible youth was probably not "exceptional in the number and character of his numerous boyish loves." His was the "artist nature" which, it is well said, "cares for nought or none except in so much as they reflect back its own beauty or its own dreams." So Narcissus loved in his fervid, platonic way, and glassed his beauty and excellence in many fair faces that were "the mirrors of his sweet errors." But his hour came, as it comes to all men, and with much tribulation. Mr. Le Gallienne has achieved the end he had in view. He has made "the rose of Narcissus to bloom anew."

ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.*

ALTHOUGH, as Mr. Routledge well remarks, no book has so far been written about St. Martin's—no separate volume, that is—the old church has been the subject of a good many essays and papers, more or less important, and has engaged almost as much attention as that other ancient church, St. Mary's at Dover, so destructively "restored" thirty years ago by the late Sir Gilbert Scott. The "great Gothic revival" was then at its height, and St. Martin's suffered in its turn, but not so much as other places; there being, in truth, very little that could be harmed. "We cannot," says Mr. Routledge, "help expressing our sorrow that, at the introduction of the pipes connected with the warming apparatus, much damage was done to the ancient floor of the church, and also apparently to the Roman foundations at the point where the nave and chancel join." One reads a sentence like this with astonishment. It does seem incredible that, at this period of our history, when the venerable associations of such a place as St. Martin's are thoroughly well known, and when that one corner in St. Martin's has been for forty years and more the object of anxious and minute examination, that such relics should be handed over to the mercies of ordinary workmen for such a purpose. A clever mason could easily obliterate all traces of this "Roman foundation" in about an hour. That no one has done so is apparently not due to any special care or reverence on the part of the authorities of the church. How many monuments are in similar peril it would be impossible to calculate, and hardly a day passes in which we are not asked to contribute to further and yet further "restorations." We observe, as Mr. Routledge says, "with sorrow," but "sæva indignatio" would be a more appropriate phrase, that a new line has been taken by the advocates of destructiveness. It is to propose the "re-restoration" of a building. A church, for example, is to have the faults and mistakes of thirty years ago corrected and retrieved. A class of architects, of second-rate ability, such as in the last generation would have gutted a church and rasped every feature down to what they considered it might have been in the thirteenth century, now propose to remove the hideous glass and the machine-made wood-work, and the stiff unmoulded mullions, and to do up the churches in a fresh style, in which no special or theoretical scheme of antiquity will be allowed to interfere with picturesqueness. Westminster Abbey has, in part, undergone the process, and so has Rochester Cathedral, in part. Canterbury would have been re-restored long ago only that funds for so great a work have been slow in coming in. It is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Routledge, who has assumed the office of churchwarden of St. Martin's, may be able—or, should we not say, be willing?—to put a stop to such work as he much too complacently describes in his last chapter. He hopes a time may come when "we shall be treated to the sight of the old walls as they presented themselves to the gaze of St. Augustine, coated only with salmon-coloured Roman plaster." He goes on to say that the old pavement of the chancel has been removed in favour of new tiling, that a new pulpit has been designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield, that a stone credence table has been inserted, and "a new altar substituted for the mean one in use twenty years ago." The old walls of the chancel have been stripped and decorated with modern frescoes; and, evidently, Mr. Routledge would greatly like to re-restore the reredos of "interlacing Norman arches" put up in 1844. While views like these guide the hands of the guardians of such places as St. Martin's, how can we wonder that the tradesman who put in the heating pipes hacked away some Roman work?

Mr. Routledge, in a modest preface, gives us a list of his chief authorities, and tries his best to say nothing against the late Dean Stanley's conception of the way to write history. Nevertheless, he has "to embark on an unenviable comparison" with that fascinating, but inaccurate, writer; and he has been so well advised as to go to original sources for his information. He has thus been enabled to supply fresh material as to the baptism of Ethelbert, and other points of importance. He is strongly of opinion "that portions of the original structure mentioned by Bede are still standing to the height of several feet, and that the present walls were not only consecrated by the preaching, and actually touched by the hand of St. Augustine, but may be traced back to a period of some two or three hundred years before his mission." This was not the opinion of the skilled antiquaries of the school of Willis and Faussett and Bloxam (Mr. Routledge misspells the name of the last), and we cannot see that he adduces any testimony on his side beyond that of Mr. Loftus Brock. The passages about early Christianity in Britain are sufficiently cautious, as Mr. Routledge is careful not to go beyond the brief prepared for him by Messrs. Haddan and Stubbs. Nevertheless, he leans to Canon Puckle's theory as to the church of St. Mary at Dover, and to that of Canon Jenkins as to a Roman apse at Lyminge; but, on the whole, he has a perfect right to his opinion, and puts it forward moderately. A much more doubtful point is involved in his adoption of the late Mr. Parker's theory as to the date of Roman brickwork. It has been wholly abandoned by the best authorities, and when Mr. Routledge finds that in the chancel wall the bricks number four and a half to the foot, he is not justified in concluding that it belongs to the fourth century. We may recommend him a careful study of Professor Middleton's book on *Ancient Rome*. The difficulties in Mr. Parker's theory were sufficient by themselves to deter a judicious antiquary from employing it, and now it is understood to be as futile as his ideas about Egyptian obelisks.

The church, as Mr. Routledge acknowledges, is disappointing, in spite of its indisputable antiquity. Proofs of its antiquity are not visible at first sight. The behaviour of tourists and pilgrims is amusingly described. One party of Americans took no interest in anything Mr. Routledge told them. Finally, he asked them to put their names in the Visitors' Book. The last names inscribed there chanced to be those of the Duchess of Edinburgh and her children. "Then their interest was at once aroused, and they left in a state of perfect happiness because their autographs were inscribed on the same page with those of Royalty!" On another occasion Mr. Mackonochie and some friends made a pilgrimage on St. Augustine's day, and Mr. Routledge was very much shocked to find that they believed the church was built by St. Augustine. Perhaps, however, they were right. On the north side of the chancel is shown the tomb of Queen Bertha, and the late Canon Chesshyre put a short epitaph on it, expressing, however, the doubt current as to her having been buried here and not in the chapel of St. Martin, part of the church of the abbey of St. Augustine. The tomb was

* *The History of St. Martin's Church, Canterbury.* A Monograph. By the Rev. Charles Francis Routledge, M.A., F.S.A. London: Kegan Paul. 1891.

opened in 1883, in spite of Canon Chesshyre's pious wish that the remains, whether those of Queen Bertha or of some other, should "rest in peace." Mr. Routledge having formed a theory that the tomb was that of the thirteenth-century restorer of the church, had his views agreeably confirmed by a medical man present, who pronounced some bones found within to be those of the skeleton of a small man of seventy years of age. But Mr. Routledge has since ascertained that these bones came from a tomb destroyed by the restorers of 1844, and that previously Queen Bertha's tomb had been examined and found empty. "Is it possible," he further asks, "that the coffin lid found in the square-headed Roman doorway was also taken from the same source?" To this he adds the appropriate sentiment:—"Strange, indeed, and unaccountable, are the freaks of restorers." Quite so, yet Mr. Routledge would fain join their ranks. "Strange, indeed, and unaccountable," &c.—Q. E. D.

As a conclusion to his entertaining little volume, Mr. Routledge sums up the arguments in favour of assigning to St. Martin's a date in the fourth century, and compares it with other ancient churches here and on the Continent. We cannot agree with him in his estimate. In the case of St. Mary's at Dover, Mr. Puckle is forced to invent a theory that it was "built as a martyr church in the fourth century by British workmen in imitation of their Roman masters." But the number of questions begged in this view is too great to allow it to stand for a moment. That the "noble British working-man" was in existence then is an assumption. That he built a church is an assumption. That he imitated his Roman masters is an assumption. But at St. Martin's Mr. Routledge has two points not wholly assumed in his favour. Beda mentions a church of St. Martin, and says it was built during the Roman occupation. Secondly, there are Roman bricks in the walls. Mr. Bloxam, whose judgment on matters of the kind was usually accepted as final, says that St. Martin's was rebuilt in the twelfth or thirteenth century. Mr. Routledge is not content with this view. He asserts that the church occupies the unique position of having been built for a church in the fourth century, and of having possibly been used, with the exception of a very few years, about the time of the landing of Hengist, as a church continuously from that day to this. Such a claim will have to be very strongly supported before it will receive general acceptance. The next point of importance is the necessary assumption that Queen Bertha, Berctha, or Ethelburga, restored an existing but ruinous building, and dedicated it to the French St. Martin. We must not leave an impression that there is nothing in Mr. Routledge's book but the expansion of this thesis. On the contrary, he has given us an excellent history of the church, whatever its origin, and has added an appendix, which contains a list of the monuments and one of the rectors since 1314.

A PUBLISHER'S RECORD.*

THIS sumptuous-looking volume, its cover decorated with a cluster of devices which have a certain air of medals or orders of merit, is the honourable chronicle of a prosperous career. It is, in fact, a record of the doings of the house of Macmillan from the year 1843, when the two brothers who founded it (portraits of both of whom are prefixed to the book) began modestly at 57 Aldersgate Street with a couple of volumes, down to the end of 1889, when the roll of their annual publications occupies some twenty closely-printed pages. A brief preface tells us the history, always progressive, always expanding, of the now famous firm, from Aldersgate Street to Cambridge, and from Cambridge again to London, to settle finally in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, where it has been established since 1863, a period of eight and twenty years. In 1857 Mr. Daniel Macmillan died. From 1863 to 1880 Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the surviving brother, held the post of publisher to the University of Oxford—a post which was only vacated when the Clarendon Press took into their own hands the management of their various publications. But they showed their sense of Mr. Macmillan's services by conferring upon him *honoris causâ* the dignity of a Master of Arts. Extending still the circle of its operations, the firm, six years later, opened a branch house in New York, now constituted on an independent basis, besides acting as the authorized American agents for the two great Universities. This record is one of which any association might well be proud, and it was a happy idea, as well as a useful lesson in bibliography, to write its history in a permanent catalogue of its issues.

For him, that middle-aged reader,—

Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum,—

the turning of these pages must stir strange memories of many books which have almost been a part of his life and education. It was over Macmillan's imprint, in all probability, that first came to him the poems of Clough and Coventry Patmore; certainly from this source he must have received those of Kingsley, of Matthew Arnold, of Christina Rossetti, and, latterly, of the Laureate. If he reads novels, he will remember that the same firm sent him *Tom Brown's School Days*, and *Westward Ho!* and *John Inglesant*; if he has children, they will add to these Grimm's *Household Stories*, and *Alice in Wonderland*, and *The Cuckoo Clock*, and the wonderful *Water Babies*. To Messrs. Macmillan he has been indebted for his Huxley and his Freeman, his Vaughan and his Lightfoot, his Trench and his Maurice. If he be a politician, it is they who have equipped him with his European Atlas and his *Statesman's Year Book*; if, like Michael Cassio, he is a great arithmetician, from them he has procured his indispensable Todhunter, or his equally indispensable Smith. But should he not be a buyer—*magno pretio*—of your bulky scientists and theologians, he probably remembers that some of his cheapest and best-thumbed companions have reached him from Bedford Street. There is his Globe *Shakespeare* and his Globe *Robinson Crusoe*; there is his "Sunday Library" with its *England's Antiphon* and its *Seekers after God*; there is his "Men of Letters" with its admirable *Bentley*, *Burke*, *Milton*, *Gray*; his "Men of Action" with its *Gordon* and *Livingstone*; there is his delightful "Golden Treasury" with its unimpeachable Bacon's *Essays*, its charming *Pilgrim's Progress*, its erudite *Religio Medici*; there is the "Art at Home" series which first seduced him into Blue China and rare Editions. These are indeed things to be grateful for, since he could scarcely have possessed these treasures if Messrs. Macmillan had never existed. And if a volume like the present puts one thing more cogently than another, it is that without publishers—and especially publishers of enterprise and discretion—the world of books would be in a more or less chaotic condition.

* *A Bibliographical Catalogue of Macmillan & Co.'s Publications from 1843 to 1889.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

DE SÄCK'SCHE SCHWEIZ.*

IN this pretty little volume a patriotic Teuton sings, in "heechsten Hochdeitsch," and in its Dresden dialect, the various charms of the Saxon Switzerland. For the illustrations he has enlisted the services of two local artists, who are congenially enthusiastic. We like such homely German *patois* as this, or that in which Hebel has praised the beauties and the beer of the Bergstrasse. Like Hebel, Herr Bormann devotes a fair proportion of his stanzas to the glorification of the gods Bacchus and Gaster, who are still worshipped all over Germany, and especially by students, excursionists, and "foot-wanderers." Nor is there a subject which, in its gastronomical and picturesque aspects, is more likely to inspire the muse of a Dresden man than that fair Land of Promise, and of its glorious fulfilment, which stretches away eastward to the borders of Bohemia. High-born nobles, worthy burghers and well-to-do working-folks, alike make the most of the terrestrial paradise which lies so "convanient" to the capital. In fact, at Easter or in Whitsun week, when those on guard seem to go off duty, and the gates are carried in an irresistible rush, the popularity is too much of a good thing. The ordinarily peaceful hostelries are filled to overflowing; triple-bedded garrets are overcrowded like bathing-machines at Margate in September; piles of sausages and of the Schnitzel glorified specially by Herr Bormann are consigned to stomachs of abnormal capacity with Gargantuan powers of digestion; countless barrels of beer are broached—the great tun of Heidelberg would be emptied in no time—and in the clearest spring day the atmosphere is obscured by clouds of tobacco from cigars and elaborately decorated pipes in china.

But the soul is satisfied as well as the sense, and the æsthetic is agreeably blended with the material. Dresden, notwithstanding the northerly latitude, is one of the brightest and pleasantest capitals in the world. It is hard to tear oneself away from the Brühl Terrace; with the ices—than which there are few better anywhere—and the martial music, which is scarcely inferior. And from the Terrace you look across the exulting and abounding Elbe-stream to the resin-scented woodlands on the opposite bank. But when the effort is made, it is pleasanter still in a genial spring to exchange the town with its gardens for the shady glades and flower-gemmed greensward of the miniature Switzerland. Half reclining under the awning on the deck of the boat, one is lulled into dreamy admiration by the dull beating of the paddles on the sweeps of the rapid Elbe. Herr Bormann's *collaborateurs* take free scope for their pencils in depicting the bluffs, the bold escarpments, the splintered peaks and pinnacles, and the thousand fantastic forms into which the soft limestone has been worn by wind and wet and the frosts of long and severe winters. There, crowning the stern cliffs, is the Castle of the Königstein, the Elbe Ehrenbreitstein, where Saxon Royalty is in the habit of taking refuge in troublous times, with State papers of a strictly confidential character and the precious contents of the Green Vaults. There is the Bastei, that rival fortress of Nature's own engineering, the very sight of which makes the heart of the Dresden poet throb tumultuously with the fervid patriotism of a Swiss or a savage Montenegrin:—

Von wirz'gen Waldesduft umweht,
Hoch iewer'n Alldags Einerlei,
Es jauchzt: Ooch Ich, Ich bin so frei.

For he has not only inhaled the inspiration of these highlands, but caught, like us, the scents from the pine forests, and the nutty savour of acorns and beech-mast. The clean-stemmed beech, most of all the spreading forest timber, takes kindly to the

* *Vaderländ'sche Reim un Farwen-Bocsien.* Von Edwin Bormann un den Malern E. Schulz u. M. Zoeber. Leipzig: Karl Jacobsen. 1891.

XUM

porous and friable soil. Descending from the heights of the Bastei and Königstein, we are among the humbler, though still romantic, freaks of frolicsome nature, with such homely names as the Prehischthor and the Kuhstall. Herr Bormann playfully satirizes the stranger tourists on the steamboat, who take flying glimpses at the gliding panorama. The slender English maiden with her plump Prussian sister *aus* Berlin indulge in platitudes of commonplace rapture, and Jones of Buffalo, who has seen the water-power of Niagara running to waste, thinks little of the dribble of the Saxon waterfalls. The Saxons are content to admire, in a subdued frenzy, during the leisurely intervals between the times consecrated to refreshment. Through eyelids dreamily half-closed they blink out artistic appreciation:—

Siehste dort den Silwerstreifen
Dorch des Waldes Dunkel ziehn?
Fremdlink, lerne hier begreifen
Sachsens Stolz uf Weiss-un-Grien.

And coming to the custom-house at the Bohemian frontier, touched with home-longing, and still revelling in the retrospect of the joys left behind, they turn back far from reluctantly from that proverbial land of good living, with its fat things full of marrow—

Wo Ruster- un Dogayer-Wein
So billig wie sonst närgends sein.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. CALOUSTE S. GULBENKIAN (1) should be an Armenian by his name, but he writes as a Frenchman, and, even when discussing what would seem to be his ancestral nationality, with a great deal of detachment. It is rather unlucky for him that his book should have come out in the middle of the Russomania in Paris. Not that he speaks unkindly of the Russians when he comes to close quarters with them. But he would hardly, had he foreseen the present embracings, have left in the forefront of his book some statements about "le gouvernement russe," about "les traités ne sont guère faits que pour être violés," &c., in the matter of Batoum. His journey across the Isthmus south of the Caucasus to Baku deals of course with places very much written about of late. He has, however, some interesting observations on Mingrelia and Immeritia (districts which, since the introduction of railways, travellers generally skip in going from Poti or Batoum to Tiflis), as well as some others on the country between Elisavetpol and Baku, which is wont to be treated with equal summariness. But his book is chiefly remarkable for an unusual profusion both of scientific and of commercial details and statistics, especially in regard to the petroleum question. He gives a better account than we have seen in any non-technical book of the methods of employing crude naphtha in the production of steam, and has succeeded rather better than most travellers in combining his travelling experiences with these and other details. How many people, for instance, know that it does a Persian carpet good to be washed? We confess that we should have thought it extremely difficult ever to get it dry again.

The usual flood of almanacks is on us, and they lie in the usual heap, all obtainable from the Dépôt Central des Almanachs, otherwise Messrs. Plon. Of the *Liégeois, double* and *triple*, the *Mère Gigogne*, that *des Jeunes Mères*, that *de la Bonne Cuisine*, that *de France et du musée des familles*, that of Mathieu de la Drôme (single, double, and triple), of the *Parisien*, the *National de la France*, the *Bon Catholique*, the *Scientifique*, that *des Dames et des Demoiselles*, that *du Savoir-vivre*, of the *Parfait Vigneron*, that *des Saints-Cœurs*, the *Astrologique*, and that *des Célébrités*, there is little or nothing to say but what we have said for many years of Saturdays—that they are all cheap, and not bad reading of their kind. The *Comique* and the *Lunatique*, though with less expense of draughtsmanship than those presently to be mentioned, go in for the *goguenard*, and are not exactly intended for the young person. The three chief funny almanacks, however, are, as usual, the *Almanach Grévin*, the *Almanach du Charivari*, and the *Almanach pour rire*. They are all a little "salt," and the salt used is not always of table quality. M. Grévin's dames and damsels deserve as much as usual Gyp's title for one of her personages—Mme. de Rebondy. Those of Mars display, also as usual, that curious facial characteristic in which he delights, which is a sort of trade-mark of his, which introduces more than a little monotony in his faces, and which is not by any means always a beauty in actual corporal presence—to wit, the prolongation of the *septum* of the nose considerably below the level of the nostrils. It seems to be almost impossible for this clever draughtsman to draw a face which he means to be pretty without this feature. For the rest, the substance of all three is very much as usual. There are, perhaps, rather more silhouettes than there have been lately—and, indeed, the silhouette, when not done too often or too much, is an ingenious device for the purpose. We do not know that we have met Sir Boyle Roche's bird in French before, but he duly appears here in the mouth of a soubrette.

Of school-books we have a useful collection of *Primary French Exercises*, by Mr. A. A. Somerville (Percival), and the second part of M. de Larmoyer's *Practical French Grammar* (Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) We have also the first number of a *Journal Français à l'usage de la jeunesse*, edited by two masters at Harrow, and published by Messrs. Percival in London. It is printed in France, and presents the exact appearance of one of the smaller French newspapers, and it seems to be ingeniously edited. We are not sure that anything of exactly the same kind has been tried before, though we remember attempts not wholly dissimilar. This one deserves success. The same publishers have added some *Récits de guerre et de révolution*, from Eugénie Foa and other writers of her type, edited by M. Minssen, to their Elementary Series.

(1) *La Transcaucasie et la Péninsule d'Apchéron.* Par Calouste S. Gulbenkian. Paris: Hachette.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THOSE who like to dip into books will find abundant store, if not a vasty deep, for their diversion in *Lectures, Verses, Speeches, Reminiscences, &c.*, by William Challinor, M.A., of Leek (Bemrose & Sons; Leek: Miller). It must be admitted, however, that the dipper into this somewhat odd miscellany should be skilled in the art, and a bold adventurer. There is something Spartan in Mr. Challinor's neglect of literary form or method. The simplicity of his extracts from note-books and newspapers is extremely unadorned. "Request of friends" is the plain purport of his preface, and never was the good old plea more undisguisedly announced. The lectures touch on multifarious topics of local interest—the antiquities, history, climate, geology, and topography of Leek and its neighbourhood—and appear, as reported in the Staffordshire papers, with the usual information as to the chairman, the occupants of the platform, the musical interludes, and so forth. This way of reprinting can scarcely be said to tempt the reader to dip further, unless he chance upon a specimen of the wit and humour of the worthies of Leek, of which there is a truly miscellanous record in the lectures and reminiscences. That was a pretty example of readiness in a certain person who said that everything could be illustrated by a quotation from Shakspeare. Being asked to "illustrate a treadmill," he replied, from *King John*, "Down, down, thou climbing sorrow." In the author's reminiscences we find the following observation on the "topsy-turvy" flight of the pigeons known as tumblers:—"No wonder that some other creatures should have a twist in their heads sometimes." Then follows an anecdote of Mr. Gladstone, for which "Mr. Roden, of near Birmingham, the painter," appears to be responsible. Mr. Gladstone had felled a tree, when he asked Mr. Roden "to put his hands on his head, one on each side. Mr. Roden did so, when Mr. Gladstone inquired if he noticed anything particular. Mr. Roden said he noticed that one side of his head at the top was higher and lumpier than the other side." Mr. Gladstone is said to have acknowledged the inequality, although he "could not pretend to say whether it accounted for some of those inconsistencies which his adversaries sometimes charged against him." A phrenologist might solve this nice problem, if he only knew on which side the superior development lay. Readers of Dickens will be interested in reading Mr. Challinor's pamphlet and correspondence on Chancery reform. The case of Gridley, in *Bleak House*, was essentially a reproduction of Mr. Challinor's illustration of Chancery procedure in the pamphlet, a copy of which he forwarded to Dickens. Mr. Challinor certainly wrote at the right moment, for Dickens had already completed two numbers of the novel, as Forster remarks, when the timely pamphlet appeared.

The Year of Miracle, by Fergus Hume (Routledge), is a story without an atmosphere. It is all white light or black shadow, as if the moon were its stage, and merely moon-folk the players. Mr. Hume's *annus mirabilis* is the year 1900, London is the scene of miracle, men and women of our time act their parts therein, and a new plague supplies the motive-power of the melodramatic machine. A certain fanatical old gentleman, to gain his private ends of revenge and malice, lets loose upon London a horrible pestilence, known as the "burning sickness," by means of a magic phial acquired in strange circumstances from a venerable dervish in Arabia. Of course he is possessed of a yet more magical antidote, which serves, in the course of an ingenious scheme of plotting, to prolong the agony of the narrative. The "invention" of both plague-broth and antidote is decidedly inspiring. It is readily conceivable what an artist like Poe would have made of the idea. But the elements of melodrama are crudely presented in Mr. Hume's story. They are unharmonized for want of a persuasive medium of actuality, and the imagination within us is left unthrilled in consequence of this essential quality being lacking. Oddly enough, pointed allusions to Defoe and *The Arabian Nights* occur in the book, as if to emphasize its hard and unatmospheric extravagance.

As our playwrights are now bent upon publishing their works, which other people call plays, there is no reason why Mr. Wilton Jones should not do as the other Mr. Jones. Mr. Wilton Jones, however, does not appear to suffer from the delusion that the publication of plays makes literature. *The Scapegoat* (Walter Scott) is a drama of four acts that may have deserved all the nice things said of its representation by the dramatic critics, whose opinions are appended to the book. We cannot say we attended the performance; but the play we have diligently studied, even to the stage directions, which strike us as by far the more important literary work in Mr. Wilton Jones's play.

The Dean's Daughter, by F. C. Philips and Sydney Grundy (Trischler), since it is published, is a play that naturally suggests

a comparison with the vivacious novel upon which it is based. It suggests, also, certain reflections upon the very divergent judgments of the pleased playgoer and the cool reader of the published play.

Possible Plays for Private Players, by Constance O'Brien (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a little book intended for the distressed amateur who does not know where to look for good dramatic material. The four pieces that make up this book are styled "comedies"—on the principle, it seems, that you may as well give a good name to a thing as a more appropriate though bad one. These comedies are nothing but farcical, and very poor and impossible farces they are. But the audience of the back drawing-room are notoriously tolerant.

Translations in Verse by Collard J. Stock (Elliot Stock), though a very little book, comprises specimens of the poetry of seven European languages, chiefly sonnets or some equally restricted metrical forms. In some sixty small pages anything like true representation of such poets as Calderon, Lope de Vega, Camoens, Petrarch, Tasso, Uhland, and Hooft is altogether impossible. Mr. Stock's selection includes some admirable examples, however, of which we may note as especially interesting the Portuguese songs of the Brazilian poet Gonçalves Diaz, the *Cantata de Dido* of Pedro Garção, and the sonnets from Camoens, though the second of these is awkwardly rendered in the final verse. The sonnets of the Dutch poet Cornelius Hooft, as done into English, are curiously Elizabethan. The last of these, "My Lady, Love, and I—hard strife have we," is peculiarly pre-Shakspearian and Italianate in style.

The leading poem of Mr. J. R. Williamson's volume, *The Ballad of a Jester and Other Poems* (Darwen: Riley; Manchester: Heywood), is a ballade, not a ballad, with the refrain "'Twill matter nought in fifty years," which refrain is changed in the "envoy" to "'Twill matter much in fifty years." The alteration is entirely discordant with the spirit of the preceding stanzas, and it is the temptation to make a "moral" that caused this infelicity. Mr. Williamson is partial to the ballade and rhymed octosyllabics. "When the Sun went down" and "A Desire" are good examples of his skill in the use of stanzas formed of this measure. The ballade "Every inch a King" is a better example than of the Jester.

The slim collection of verse by the Rev. Edward Templeman—*Poems, Descriptive and Narrative* (Elliot Stock)—is in part drawn from contributions to the Anglo-Indian press. Earnestness and sincerity are the most notable qualities of Mr. Templeman's verse, which attains its most sustained metrical expression in "The Isle of Light." But how can "raiment," even when "white and glistening," be described as "encircling gracefully his noble mien"? Mien is demeanour, or presence, and not body, and something better than body and more than meat.

Mr. L. Petty's series of *Manual Instruction Drawing Cards* (Heywood) are devised for the use of pupils who desire to satisfy the requirements of the Science and Art Department. The cards comprise a course of drawing lessons illustrating by diagrams the mysteries of joists, mortices, brackets, frame work, cubes, rectangular solids, hexagons, and so forth. These object-lessons should undoubtedly prove of value to classes of manual instruction.

From Messrs. Deighton, Bell, & Co. of Cambridge we have received three useful little University handbooks:—*The Law Examination Prizes and Degrees*, by Professor E. C. Clark, *Degrees in Medicine and Surgery*, by Sir George Humphry, reprinted from *The Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge*, and a fifth edition of *The Mathematical Tripos*, being Mr. W. H. Besant's contribution to that Guide.

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SATURDAY CONCERT, at Three o'clock. Vocalist, Mr. Barton McGuckin; Pianist, Miss Adelina de Lara. Conductor, Mr. August Manns. Seats, 1s. and 2s. 6d.
PROMENADE CONCERT, Saturday Evening, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Clara Samuell and Mr. Chas. Ellison.

HOTELS.

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL. Great Health and Pleasure Resort. Private Marine Esplanade. Eight Lawn-Tennis Courts. Large Swimming Bath. Two Hundred and Fifty Rooms. Tariff of Manager.

BEDFORD HOTEL, BRIGHTON. Old Established. Unequalled in situation. Opposite West Pier. Spacious Coffee and Reading Rooms. Sea-water service. Great variety of excellent wines. Moderate tariff.
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EDUCATIONAL.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE (for LADIES), Harley Street, W.
ADVANCED GREEK CLASSES.
A CLASS will be held by Professor H. F. WILSON, at Twelve o'clock on Mondays, beginning October 12. Subject: THE GREEK LYRIC POETS (exclusive of Pindar) in the original Greek. Mr. Farnell's recent book (Longmans, 1891) will be used.
Fee on application to the LADY RESIDENT.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE and FARM, CIRENCESTER.
Established by Royal Charter 1845, for Land Owners, and Farmers, Land Agents, Surveyors, intending Colonists, &c. Practical and Scientific Instruction in Agriculture and Dairy Farming, Estate Management, Forestry, &c. &c.
For Prospectus, with list of Professors, particulars of Farm and Dairy, Courses of Instruction, Scholarships, Diplomas, &c., apply to the PRINCIPAL.
THE SESSION begins on Tuesday, October 13, 1891.

MORNING PREPARATORY CLASS for the SONS of GENTLEMEN (exclusively), 13 Somerset Street, Portman Square, W.
AUTUMN TERM COMMENCED on October 6.
Miss WOODMAN at home from October 1.

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This pure Solution is the best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
The safest and most gentle aperient for delicate constitutions, Ladies, Children and Infants.
Sold throughout the World.

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THE HOME, BELVEDERE, KENT.
Pensioners at all Ports of the United Kingdom.
Annual Disbursements, £6,000. Annual Subscriptions, £1,800.
Number of Inmates, 100. Out-Pensioners, 200.
Patron—Admiral H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G.
Chairman—Admiral Sir F. LEOPOLD McCLINTOCK, F.R.S.
Deputy-Chairman—Captain DAVID MAINLAND, F.R.G.S.
The object of this Charity is to give a Home or a Pension to the Merchant Sailor when Old, Destitute, and Friendless.
800 Old Sailors, out of 1,700 Applicants, have enjoyed the benefits of this Charity; but from want of funds the Committee are unable to admit hundreds of necessitous and worthy Candidates, who for Forty years have been at Sea as Seaman, Mate, or Master.
Subscriptions and Donations are urgently needed to reduce this heavy list and to relieve many from destitution.
Office: 58 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. W. E. DENNY, *Secretary.*

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL.
The new building, for 160 beds, is completed.
Accidents admitted at all hours free.
Special wards for Jewish patients are now opened.
This Hospital is worked on strictly provident principles. Population, one mile radius, 260,000.
FUNDS urgently NEEDED to supplement the subscriptions of poor patients. Bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., and Lloyd's Bank, Limited. Contributions thankfully received and information given at the Hospital, Kingsland Road, E., by
CHARLES H. BYERS, *Secretary.*

SAVE THE CHILDREN.
CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.
President—LORD ABERDARE, G.C.B.
1,815 children have been rescued from infamous dens.
5,000 are in industrial homes, to which grants have been made.
7,750 children have been aided by the Boys' Beadle.
Particulars of how the children have been rescued by the other officers of the Children's Aid Society will be sent on application.
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Office, 32 Charing Cross, S.W. ARTHUR J. S. MADDISON, *Secretary.*

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Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
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FUNDS are earnestly requested for the Junior Branch School erected at Wandsworth Common.
R. P. STICKLAND, M.A., *Chaplain and Secretary.*

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Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.
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Established 1807.
Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.
The patients (numbering now about 10,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, from children a month old to adults over 90. Over 461,850 patients have been relieved since the formation of the charity up to the present date.
SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be thankfully received by the Society's Bankers, Lloyd's Bank, Limited, 72 Lombard Street; and by the Secretary at the Institution.
JOHN NORBURY, *Treasurer.*
JOHN WHITTINGTON, *Secretary.*

WEST LONDON HOSPITAL, Hammersmith Road, W.—£40,000 wherewith to increase the number of beds from 101 to at least 200, are urgently REQUIRED, in order to adequately provide for the cases of accident and sudden illness arising in the enormous population of nearly 500,000 persons for whom this is the nearest hospital. The necessary freehold land has already been secured.
R. J. GILBERT, *Secretary-Superintendent.*

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ISSUE of £19,775,000, 500,000,000 francs, 125,000,000 gold roubles, 239,000,000 florins, 404,000,000 reichmark, 360,000,000 kroner, 96,250,000 dollars, nominal Capital.

Principal and Interest free from all Russian Taxes.

Repayable at par in 81 years. Created by virtue of the Ukase of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, under date of the 17-29th September, 1891.

Messrs. C. J. HAMBRO & SON are authorised by the Imperial Russian Government to RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS for the above LOAN at the price of £78 17s. per Bond of £98 17s. 6d., payable:—

£6	on Application.
20	„ Allotment.
20	„ 1st December.
20	„ 15th January, 1892.
12 17s.	„ 15th February, 1892.
£78 17s.	

Payments may be made in full on allotment, or on any Tuesday or Friday subsequent to the issue of Scrip Certificates, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

The Subscription List will be Opened simultaneously in Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, and Copenhagen.

The object of the Loan is to provide the Imperial Treasury with funds to defray the expenses incurred already, or which may be incurred, in connection with the construction of Railways and other works of public utility undertaken either by the State or by Companies holding concessions.

The Loan will be divided into Bonds of—

£ s. d.	Frs.	Roubles	Fl.	Rmk.	Kroner	Dollars
19 15 6	500	125	239	404	360	96.25
98 17 6	2,500	625	1,195	2,020	1,800	481.25
494 7 6	12,500	3,125	5,975	10,100	9,000	2,406.25

The interest will be payable quarterly on January 1, April 1, July 1, and October 1, in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Berlin, Copenhagen, and New York. Coupons will be attached to the Scrip for the interest due January 1 and April 1, 1892.

The Bonds will be redeemed at par at the same places in eighty-one years by half-yearly drawings. The first re-imbursement will take place January 1, 1893. The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will be CLOSED on or before OCTOBER 15.

The Allotment will be made as early as possible after the Subscription is closed, and where no Allotment is made the deposit will be returned.

In default of payment of the successive instalments when due, all previous payments will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates will be issued in exchange for letters of allotment, and the Bonds will be delivered against fully-paid Scrip as early as possible.

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London, October 7, 1891.

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THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, November 3, 1891, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for the purchase of the FREEHOLD GROUND RENT (of £787 per annum) and REVERSION of PREMISES at the corner of Milk Street, Cheapside.

Particulars and Plan of the Premises to be had at this office, together with the conditions of sale.

Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside, "Tender for Ground Rent," be addressed to the undersigned at this office, and be delivered before One o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Tender.

Parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized Agent, at Half-past One o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeable to the conditions of sale.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall, September, 1891. HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*

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Roderick Pryor, Esq.
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Henry Vigne, Esq.

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Manager of Fire Department—A. J. RELTON.

Share Capital at present paid up and invested £1,000,000
Total Funds upwards of £4,516,000
Total Annual Income over £994,000

N.B.—Fire Policies which expire at Michaelmas should be renewed at the Head Office, or with the Agents, on or before October 14.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.
Incorporated A.D. 1720.
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MODERN AND IMPROVED SYSTEM OF ASSURANCE.
Full Particulars on application to
CHIEF OFFICE: ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., or to 29 PALL MALL, S.W.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1803.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.
Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, *General Manager.*

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THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
Sum Insured in 1890, £361,500,000.

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Head Office—1 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.
Capital Paid-up £900,000
Reserve Fund (Invested in Consols) £700,000
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This Bank grants drafts on all its branches and agencies, and transacts every description of banking business connected with New Zealand, Australia, and Fiji, on the most favourable terms.

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ESTABLISHED 1868.

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Reserve Fund ..... £90,000.

Shares issued to December 31, 1890, receive five per cent.
Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during Financial Year of issue. Five per cent. after first year.
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Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice Four per cent.

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ESTABLISHED 1865.

Capital Subscribed		£4,000,000
Capital Paid-up	£982,767	
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	318,667	
		£1,301,434
Investments per Balance-sheet at December 31, 1890		£4,304,780

Directors.
H. J. BRISTOWE, Esq.
The Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES FERGUSSON, Bart., G.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., M.P.
The Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN E. GORST, Q.C., M.P.
The Rt. Hon. A. J. MUNDELLA, M.P.
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The interest is payable half-yearly, on January 1 and July 1, by coupons attached to the Debentures, and by warrants in favour of the registered holders of the Debenture Stock.

The Debentures and Debenture Stock are limited to, and are secured by, the Unpaid Capital (£3,137,333) and by the investments and general assets of the Company.

Forms of application can be obtained at the offices of the Company.

HENRY M. PAUL, *Manager.*

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XUM

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"There is sorrow on the Sea."

NO SHIPWRECK or DISASTER of the SEA can occur without the promptest charitable aid being available for the shipwrecked sailor himself, or the urgent necessities of his desolate widow and orphans, &c., at the hands of the SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN and MARINERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, founded over fifty years, as the National Maritime Relief Organization of the Empire, with about 1,000 Local Agencies.

Through this National Institution the wrecked survivors are thus instantly cared for on the spot and at once forwarded home; and the bereaved dependents of the drowned immediately sought out and helped in their need. Total relieved, 426,484 persons.

Instituted 1839; Incorporated 1850; under patronage of H.M. the Queen, and presidency of Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

FUNDS are earnestly APPEALED for by the Board of Management. Bankers—Williams, Deacon, & Co. Secretary, W. R. Buck, Esq., Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, London, E.

SPECIAL DISASTER FUND.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

OCTOBER.

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THE QUESTION OF DISESTABLISHMENT. By Professor GOLDWIN SMITH.
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE. By Miss AGNES LAMBERT.
WELSH FAIRIES. By Professor RHYS.
THE WISDOM OF GOMBO. By EDWARD WAKEFIELD.
IMMIGRATION TROUBLES OF THE UNITED STATES. By W. H. WILKINS.
THE WILD WOMEN AS SOCIAL INSURGENTS. By Mrs. LYNN LINTON.
THE NAVAL POLICY OF FRANCE. By the Right Hon. G. SHAW LEFEVRE, M.P.
THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE CROWN. By General Sir JOHN ADYE, G.C.B., R.A.
STRAY THOUGHTS OF AN INDIAN GIRL. By Miss CORNELIA SORABJI.
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ANCIENT BELIEFS IN A FUTURE STATE. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & COMPANY, LTD.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCCXLVI. will be published on SATURDAY, October 17.

1. ARCHBISHOP TAIT.
2. THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.
3. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 358, will be published on October 15.

CONTENTS:

1. SIR ROBERT PEEL.
2. A MOORLAND PARISH.
3. THE WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS OF ENGLAND.
4. THE WRITINGS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
5. MAJOR CLARKE ON FORTIFICATIONS.
6. AUSTRIA IN 1848-9.
7. THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP TAIT.
8. THE AFFAIRS OF CHINA.
9. GERMANY AND MOLTKE.
10. THE TWELFTH PARLIAMENT OF THE QUEEN.

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